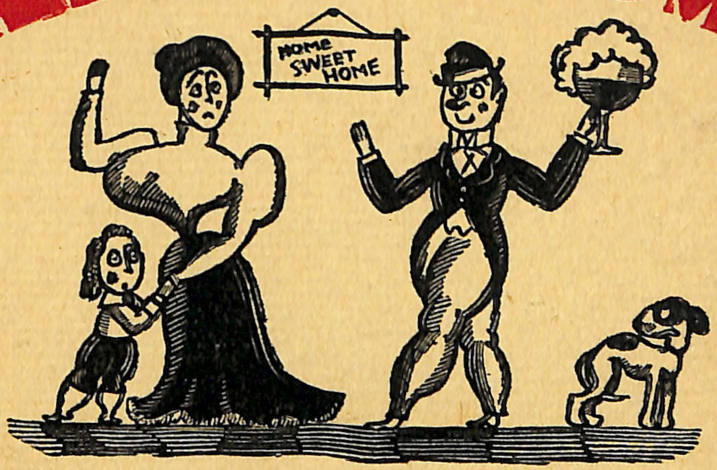
# The SALOON IN THE HOME




## OR A GARLAND of RUMBLOSSOMS

COMPILED BY
RIDGELY HUNT & GEORGE S. CHAPPELL
WITH MANY LAVISH ENGRAVINGS
By JOHN HELD JR.

presentation copy

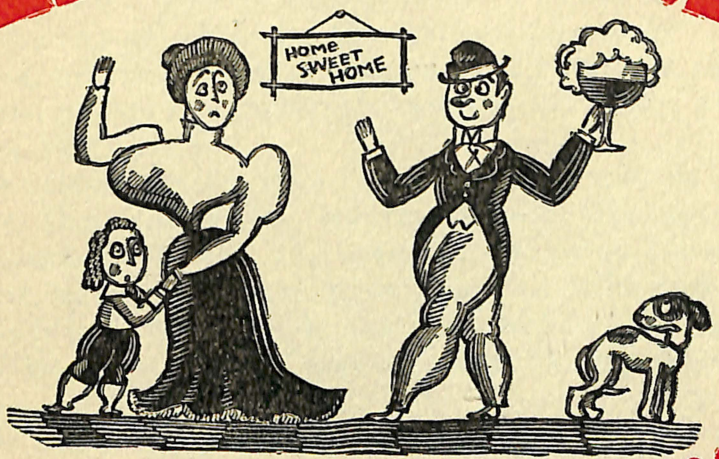
Signed for
Dr. Raymond Hussey.-
"40 years at the bedside
and never broke a slat."

Ridgely Hunt
George S. Chappell.

Dec. 1930

# The Saloon in the Home

# The SALOON IN THE HOME




## OR A GARLAND of RUMBLOSSOMS

COMPILED BY
RIDGELY HUNT & GEORGE S. CHAPPELL
WITH MANY LAVISH ENGRAVINGS
By JOHN HELD JR.
(WHO IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE)

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# FOREWORD

*By* George S. Chappell

My collaborators have asked me to speak a short piece explaining our objects and aims, if any. This will be neither an apology nor an argument. Having read practically everything dealing with prohibition we are convinced that never, until now, has the matter been fairly presented to the public. Our main object, then, is to be fair.

A glance through these pages will make clear to the most ardent Dry or aggravated Wet that we have taken no stand for or against prohibition. The worst that can be said of us is that we are tight-rope walkers, maintaining our balance by exhibits for both sides. We admit it. If we can only keep our balance or, possibly, increase it, we will feel that we have done a good work.

If you believe, with Mr. F. Scott McBride, that the Anti-Saloon League "was born of God and has been led by Him," you will find herein much to support you. If, on the other hand, you consider a Ramos Gin-fizz the clearest evidence of divine dispensation, the late Señor Ramos of New Orleans will tell you how to assemble one of these first aids to existence.

In a word, we have approached our task in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, trying always to remember that temperance, as defined by so restrained an authority as the Encyclopedia Britannica, "means *strictly* 'moderation,' although it has acquired a *particular* meaning in connection with intoxicating liquor." Let us keep in mind these differing interpretations.

Should a spirit of levity peep, now and then, from the drawings of our illustrator, we can only say that this is so because he is like that. We regret it but our respect for the inviolability of artistic integrity makes it impossible for us to do anything about it.

I am aware that every book which proclaims itself "a non-partisan presentation of facts from which the reader may, etc., etc.," turns out to be a form of special pleading. I have just skimmed through two books of this sort, one by Senator Millard E. Tydings, the other by Professor Irving Fisher. Both are complimentary copies which I tardily acknowledge. Thank you, Senator; thank you, Professor. The tabulations in each, the graphs, the columns of statistics from hospitals, police courts, savings banks, insurance companies and insane asylums, are amazingly alike. But the authors arrive at diametrically opposed conclusions. Similarly the figures of the Literary Digest poll are used to comfort or confound either party. It is sad but true that the so-called scientific examination of facts still leaves us up the creek without a paddle.

The more emotional appeals of public speakers and writers are equally confusing. One must choose between Bishop Cannon and Nicholas Murray Butler. If we agree with Mrs. Boole we must assume that Dwight Morrow has something wrong with his head. This is embarrassing.

If we turn to the press it is only to be disturbed by the statement of the Right Reverend Ernest G. Richardson * that "8% of the newspapers are all right on the subject (prohibition) but that all the rest are absolutely rotten." It is dismaying to think that 92% of our newspapers should have rotted on us like that. Can it be that the Bishop is more reverend than right?

A study of the curbing legislation of other nations means much, little, or nothing, depending on how you feel about it.

* *N. Y. Times,* July 17, 1929.

Concerning Canada, for instance, our nearest neighbor, we can only say that their government control system has certainly worked splendidly for our citizens. Beyond this we can not go.

Viewing this hopeless confusion, we believe that our only helpful contribution is a fair presentation of both sides of the medal. We have added an undoubted educational value to our little book by delving deep into the temperance—I use the word in its particular sense—literature of the past. Mr. Hunt, my co-worker in the vineyard, if I may use a slightly damp expression, has spent many hours poring over tracts, treatises, primers, sermons, lectures, recitations and moral anecdotes, which must be accepted as truthfully expressing the moral ideals and aesthetic standards of their authors.

If some of them appear improbable, such as the incident of the errant Scotchman eaten by rattlesnakes, charity bids us realize that the zeal of the reformer often runs away with his veracity. Surely we should be temperate—in the obsolete meaning of the word—in judging temperance and its advocates.

To round out our survey of the Dry side and bring it up to date we have added a few quotations from leading contemporary thinkers on the subject. Their utterances, too, must be accepted as authoritative. This method, we feel, presents the history of the temperance movement more picturesquely than would a recital of dates and events from the founding of the first temperance society, through the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, to the what-have-we condition of today.

In presenting the Wet side of the controversy we have confined ourselves to indirect but persuasive testimony. The recipes given are quotations from great authors whose very lives were devoted to combating aridity. In their prescriptions will be found more physical and less moral uplift, more research and less religion, than in the testimony of the Drys.

Be that as it may, we realize that, for many, a dry martini is a good wet argument. It is therefore included in these pages.

Just one word more. We do not relish the inevitable criticism that we have tried to be funny at the expense of prohibition, a tendency that has been solemnly and publicly deprecated by its proponents. There are some things that are too funny to be joked about. It is in a spirit of reverence to both parties that we lay this little offering before the public which will, we hope, pay its money—and take its choice.

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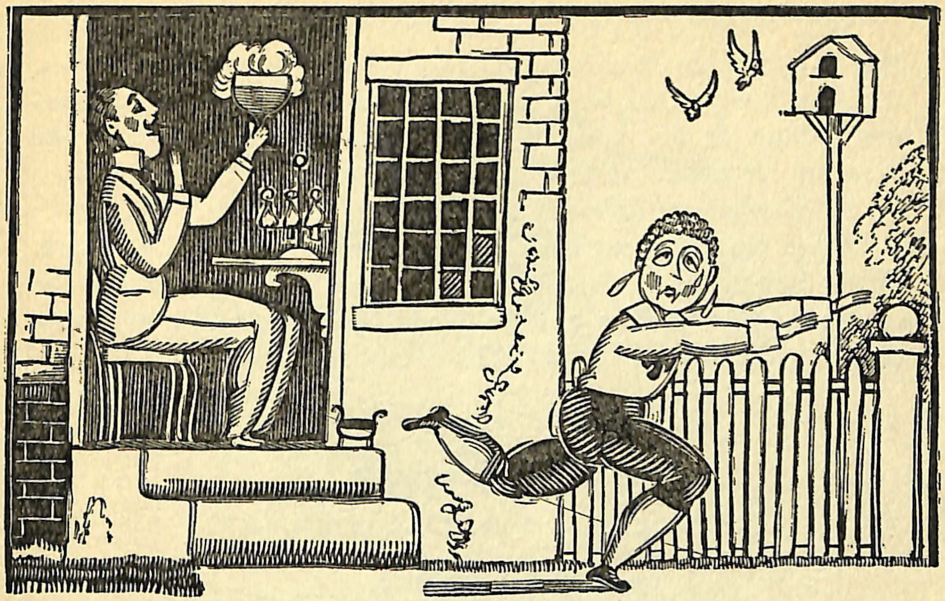
# The Saloon in the Home

## WELCOME ADDRESS

DEAR friends, we bid you welcome here,
To this, our pleasant schoolroom dear:
We'll do our best your hearts to cheer,
And try to speak with voices clear.
Don't weep for us the bitter tear,
We never will drink wine or beer.

*Platform Voices, Chicago*, 1887.



## WHAT A THREE YEAR OLD BOY CAN DO

JAMES M. C———, of Horncastle, was three and one-half years of age when he became a teetotaler and though but a little child he seemed to understand all the principles of the Temperance Pledge for he became very anxious that others should abstain from intoxicating drinks and urged his parents to do so.

To pacify the child they refrained from taking anything in his presence although not abstemious themselves.

One day at the dinner table, his father unthinkingly took a draught of beer.

The watchful eye of his little son having observed the act, he ran out of doors and cried as though his heart would break.

Soon his parents were with him, thinking he had been severely hurt. It was some time before they could ascertain the cause of his grief. At last he sobbed out,

"Father's been drinking some beer!"

From that moment both parents resolved to drink no more. Little James got to the ale barrel, turned the tap and ran the contents onto the floor and he would have smashed every wine bottle in the house if he could have come at them.

*The Advisor*, 1871.

## The Knockout

⅓ Gin.
⅓ French Vermouth.
⅓ Absinthe.
1 Teaspoonful white mint.

## FAIR ENOUGH

An elderly lady, a descendant of Miles Standish, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the twenty-second of April.

Her husband who was by, observed, "I always thought you were born on the first day of April."

"People might well judge so," replied the matron, "in the choice I made of a husband."

QUERY: Was this woman the wife of a drunkard? We will believe so in the absence of better testimony.

*Temperance Annual*, 1842.

## I TELL YOU I'M TEETOTAL

I TELL you I'm teetotal!
You ask the reason why?
The temperance pledge is needful
To one so young as I.
Now if you will but listen,
The reasons I will show
Why little boys and maidens
No taste of drink should know.

First, children's blood is healthy,
'Tis clean and fresh and pure,
But if 'twas mixed with alcohol
It wouldn't be, I'm sure.
Their cheeks are soft and rosy,
Their eyes are bright and clear,
But would it long remain so
If they drank wine or beer?

*Temperance Tots*, 1884.

### Kummel Ye Faithful

⅓ Gin.
⅓ Kummel.
⅓ Cream.

### The Saratoga

One part Brandy,
One teaspoonful of Pineapple juice,
Two dashes of Maraschino,
Two dashes of Orange bitters.

## REGISTERING A PROTEST

A MISERABLE slave of the bottle, on meeting Col. Wallace, the reformed drunkard and temperance lecturer, addressed him thus,

"Well, Col., I hear you can raise the devil."

"Yes," replied the Col., and with his foot sent the toper's basket containing a jug of rum, ten feet above his head.

*Cold Water Magazine*, 1842.

# WHAT BOYS CAN DO

## A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS

JOHN.—Well, Charles, how did you like the Band of Hope meeting last night?

CHARLES.—Very much indeed; and yet, I came home in a bad humor.

JOHN.—In a bad humor? How was that?

CHARLES.—Why, I felt so pleased with Mr. Raper's speech, and he showed the need there was for every one to be doing something in our own good cause; and I felt ashamed of myself for doing so little. The fact is, I can't see what boys can do, except recite and sing at meetings.

JOHN.—Oh, nonsense, Charles, we can do a great deal; and you know even your favorite speaker said, "We must never despise the day of small things."

"Smallest helps if rightly given,
Will make the impulse stronger;
It will be strong enough one day,—
Wait a little longer."

CHARLES.—Hear, hear! Bravo, John; you will be coming out as a lecturer, bye and bye. Well, you certainly have given me a little more courage; but do tell me what we can do.

JOHN.—You see that man across the way? He is evidently a drunkard by his face and dress. Let us go and talk to him, and try and get him to sign.

CHARLES.—Come along then (*walk across the platform*).

JOHN.—Good evening, sir. We want you to come with us, and do as we have done.

DRUNKARD.—What's that?

CHARLES.—Sign the pledge to abstain from all strong drink, and use your hard earned money to make your home comfortable, and your wife and children happy.

DRUNKARD.—Have you two shavers signed the pledge?

BOTH (*at once*).—Yes.

DRUNKARD.—What did you sign pledge for?

JOHN.—Because we could do better without strong drink than with it.

CHARLES.—To prevent us becoming drunkards.

JOHN.—Because we want to reclaim those who have fallen.

DRUNKARD.—Well, they are good reasons, and I must say you have done right, I wish I had done so when I was a boy, I should have been well off and happy now.

CHARLES.—Oh, do sign now. "It is never too late to mend." I know many who were once as low as you, who have signed the pledge; and now, if they are not rich, they have homes as happy as any in the land.

DRUNKARD.—Ah, it is all very fine talking, but it is too late now; why, I couldn't pass a gin shop, if I had a penny in my pocket. I've tried many times to give up, and made good resolutions, but the sight of drink rouses my appetite, and I have no power to resist.

JOHN.—Oh, do try, it is your only hope, and pray to God to help you to keep it; and whenever you feel the strong desire for drink, go to the nearest pump, and drown it out with water; we've heard old topers say at our meetings that they have cured themselves by so doing.

DRUNKARD.—Have you a pledge card?

JOHN.—Oh, yes, I always carry a few, and here's a pen and some ink.

DRUNKARD (*signs*).—Well, if I do keep the pledge I shall bless you two boys as long as I live, and my poor wife and children

will, too. You must come and see me sometime, though our house is a poor place; but perhaps it will improve now. Good-bye, my lads, may God bless you, and help me to keep my promise.

CHARLES.—Good-bye, we will often come and visit you and leave you some tracts.

JOHN.—Good-bye, friend; cheer up, better days will dawn upon you yet. (*Exit drunkard*)

JOHN.—Well, Charlie, what do you think of that? I think it a very good start for two boys in doing good.

CHARLES.—So do I. I feel so light hearted and happy, that I think I could jump over a five barred gate.

JOHN.—Oh, there's no pleasure like that enjoyed in trying to help our fellow-men; and if that poor man is firm to his pledge, who can tell the future good that may result from our simple conversation with him? Perhaps he will be the means of getting others to join. Our glorious cause will be sure to succeed if every teetotaler will but do his duty; at any rate I mean to do my share.

CHARLES.—And so will I; you will never hear me say again that boys can't do anything. There only wants the will, and the way will soon appear. My will is desirous to be at work, and here is a way opened up directly before me.

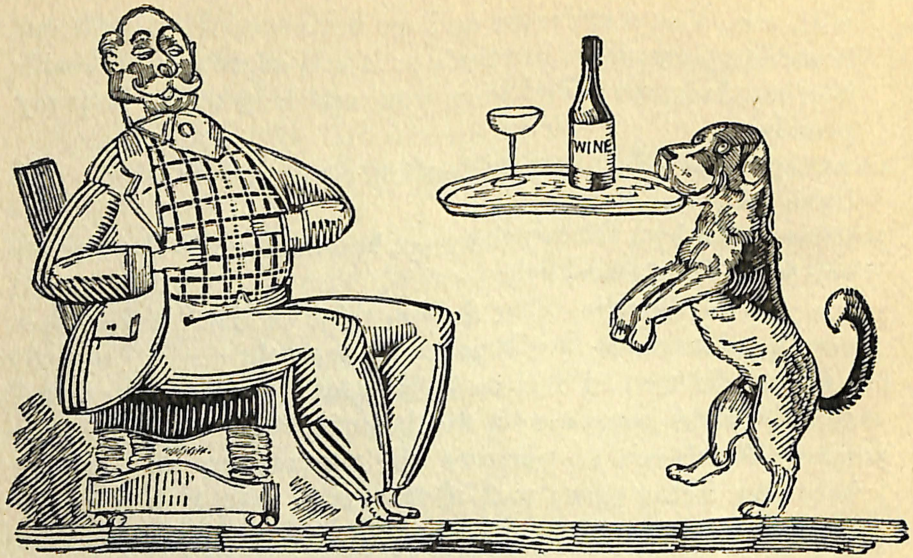
JOHN.—Well, here we are at home. Good-night, Charlie.

CHARLES.—Good-night, John.

*Juvenile Temperance Book*, 1861.

## The Ideal

⅓ Gin.
⅓ French and Italian Vermouth.
⅓ Grapefruit Juice.




## WISER THAN HIS MASTER

"ALERT" was a dog
With a well-earned fame,
Who was owned by a nobleman
Proud of his name.

He would sit on the step,
When the dinner-bell rang,
Till he spied his master
When up he sprang.

He took him his wine
In a glass, on a tray;
But "Alert" never touched it
I'm happy to say!

*"Pebbles from the Brook,"* 1886.

## A BOY'S LOGIC

A LITTLE Band of Hope boy not six years old, recently went to visit his grandmama at Southport. She had been in the habit of daily taking a small quantity of ale under the false idea that it would help to restore her health. On the day of their arrival the ale jug was sitting upon the dinner table. The little fellow—who had been carefully trained by his parents to hate all these evil drinks—on taking his seat, and seeing the jug, quietly rose and without uttering a word, went and removed it to an adjoining closet, closed the door and, on resuming his seat at the table looked earnestly at his grandmama, and with the simplicity of a child, slowly addressed her thus: "Grandmama, I cannot eat my dinner with that abominable stuff upon the table."

From that day the ale jug was entirely banished from the table; the noble yet respectful rebuke of that little boy did it.

*10,000 Temperance Anecdotes*, 1870.

## The Cameron's Kick

One part Scotch whiskey,
One part Irish whiskey,
The juice of one lemon.

## The Royal Smile

Two parts Applejack
One part Gin,
The juice of one Lime,
One teaspoonful of Grenadine.

# ALETHEA WILLIAMSON

ALETHEA WILLIAMSON was once a very lovely girl. About ten years ago, she came from the country to reside in New York. Entering into a millinery establishment, she became the life and soul of the place. So well did she satisfy the maiden lady who employed her, that Alethea was set up in business in a small shop, and began to tread in the highway of prosperity.

But there was one fatal blemish in her character, which never appeared till now. She had been accustomed, during her apprenticeship, when out on an errand, to go into the confectionery shops, and indulge in cakes and cordials. Many respectable ladies in high life do the same, and thereby acquire the habits of female tippling; a vice very similar but not exactly like the vice of drunkenness in drunken men.

Well, but of Alethea? When she set up in business on her own account, she could not leave her little shop, and therefore had not the same opportunity to stroll into confectionery houses. But to gratify her palate, she took care to have plenty of these tempting liquids in her cupboard. In this way her bad habits grew upon her. She drank too often, she lost her character, she lost her credit, she lost her self-respect. For some time she went from bad to worse, until she was arrested in the street, in a deplorable state of inebriation, abusing everybody, uttering maledictions in mouthfuls, and gathering crowds about her at every corner.

She was brought in this state before Justice Hopson. She threatened to burn the office, to blow up the magistrate, and to tear the police limb from limb. The magistrate fined her three

dollars, and in default thereof, committed her. "There," said the worthy justice, "there's the remains of beauty and elegance. The bottle has not yet effaced every trace of a handsome face, but it cannot stand it long."

---

A little girl entered a temperance grocery and asked for two cents worth of flour. As she held up the corners of her apron to take the flour, the dealer observed a bottle containing spirits. "How much gin have you bought this morning?" said he. "Six cents worth," was the answer. This explained why she had no shoes, stockings, or bonnet and her parents lived in a wretched habitation.

*Temperance Text-book, a collection of Facts and Interesting Anecdotes Illustrating the Evils of Intoxicating Drinks.*

## PUNCTUALITY

If I'm not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't," said the lady significantly, "I won't wait. I'll come for you."

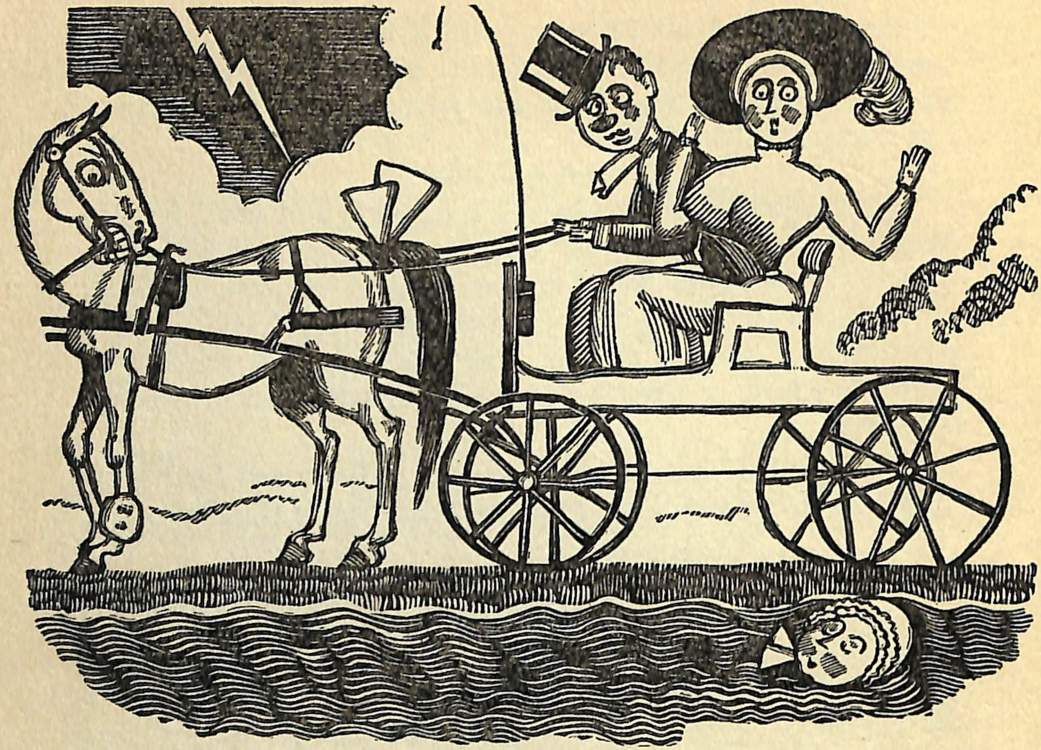
He returned at ten o'clock precisely.

*First Fruits of Temperance*, 1869.

## The Leonard

One part Cointreau,
One part Anisette,
One part Curacao (white)

Shake well with finely cracked ice and serve in small wine glasses. This is popular after-dinner cocktail.



## A TOUCHING INCIDENT

A YOUNG man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend some miles distant.

"Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party today; you will promise me, won't you?" said she, putting her hand upon his brow and raising her eyes to his face.

"No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me"; and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket and soon the horses were prancing over the turf.

The party passed pleasantly; the time for departure drew near; the wife descended from an upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise.

Silently they rode homeward save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closely to her grieved heart.

"Give me the baby, Millie, I can't trust you with him," he said as they approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms.

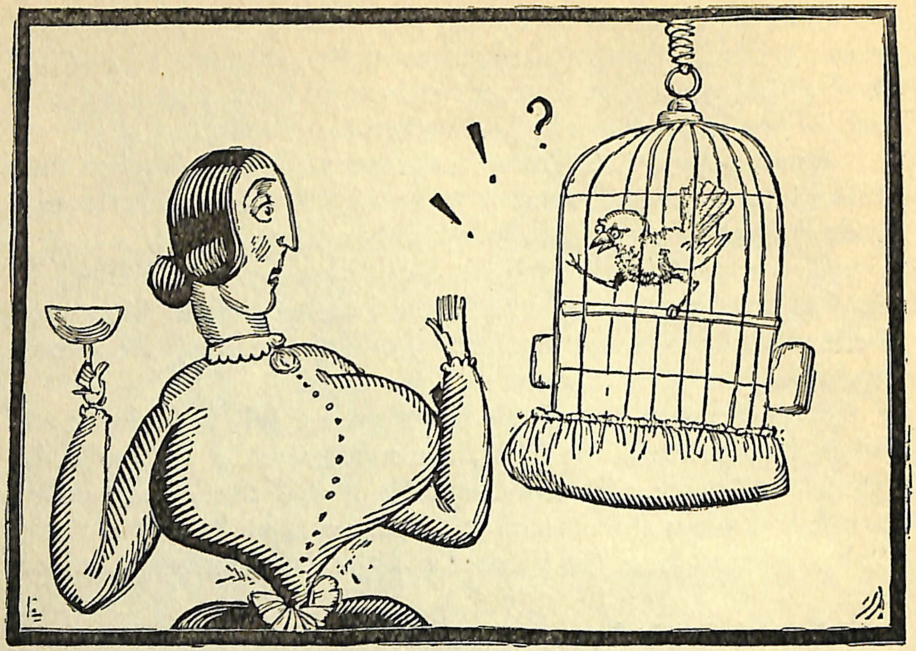
Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them; and when they reached the bank, the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms; but when she clasped it to her heart no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket and the drunken father knew it not.

A wild shriek from the mother aroused him and he turned around just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, then sink forever, and that by his own intemperance! The anguish of the mother and the remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

*1000 Temperance Anecdotes, London*, 1868.

## Horse's Neck

Peel a nice lemon so as to get the peeling off whole. Put in lump of ice and pour in the desired amount of rye whiskey. Then open a bottle of ginger ale and pour contents over.



## THE TEMPERANCE BIRD

MARY M——— has a pet canary bird which has shown great intelligence and has been trained to many pretty ways.

Each day at meal time Mary opens the door of the cage and Dicky flies out and lights upon her shoulder. He had been taught that he must be quite still while Mr. M. asks a blessing on their food.

Once fairly perched on her shoulder he expects a taste of everything she eats; and whenever she drinks she holds up to him a teaspoon of coffee or tea which he sips with relish.

One day Mary was ill, feeling no appetite and growing often

very faint, the doctor ordered brandy and water to revive her; and when she tasted it, Dick, as usual, called for his share.

He laid his little head against her face caressingly, peeped and coaxed until she determined to gratify him.

But no sooner had Dicky tasted the brandy than he flew into a violent passion, shook his head, stamped his feet and beat his wings, sc lding sharply all the time. Then in disgust he flew back into his cage and would neither come out nor notice Mary all day long.

Who shall say that that little bird was not right and that Mary should have sought other medicine.

*Band of Hope Primer*, 1863.

## Song.—THE BETTER PLAN

### Air. "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

If a body meet a body,
  Who won't sign the pledge,
Shall a body wound a body
  With contempt's keen edge?
Should not that same body rather
  Strenuously try
To show the other body that he'd
  Better join the Y.

*From "A Silhouette Social,"*
*Mary H. Mather*, 1889.

## The Quaker

Two parts Rum,
Two parts Brandy,
One part Lemon juice,
One part Raspberry Syrup.

## HE WANTS TO BE A LADY

"I DO love you so, mother," said little Fred, a wide-awake boy who is very fond of his mother. He thinks no one is as nice as she is. He told her that when he grew up to be a man he was going to marry a lady just like her.

Another little boy, who is only three years old, loves to be with his mamma more than with anyone else. One day he was watching her as she was doing some work around the house. He noticed how neat and clean she looked,—hair fixed so nice, face so sweet and clean, "sweet enough to be kissed," he said. Then he looked up at her and said, "Mamma, I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

That made her smile, and she asked him why. She said, "Do you like ladies better than men?"

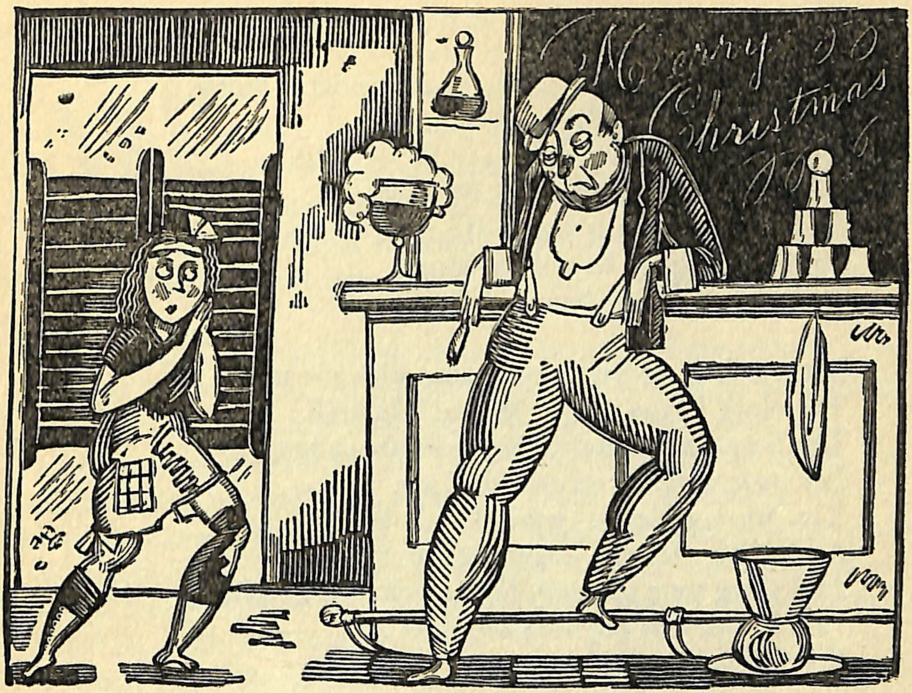
"Yes!" said the boy, and then he gave her the reason, and what do you think it was? He said, "Ladies look so nice and clean and they don't smell of tobacco."

"Well," said his mamma, "I think men ought to be just as nice and clean as they expect ladies to be. I want my boy to grow up a good, strong man; and if you never touch any tobacco, your lips and mouth can be just as clean as mamma's."

*L. Penney. "Brave Boys and Girls."*

## The Scoff-law Cocktail

One part Rye whiskey
One part French Vermouth
One-half part Lemon juice
A tablespoonful of Grenadine.




## FATHER, COME HOME!

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes ONE!
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Bennie, so sick in her arms
And no one to help her but me.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes TWO!
The night has grown colder and Bennie is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this was the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly or he will be gone.
Come home, come home, etc.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes THREE!
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Bennie is dead,
And gone with the angels of light!
And these were the very last words that he said
"I want to kiss papa—goodnight!"
Come home, come home, etc.

*Songs Suitable for Temperance Organizations and Social Gatherings, New York*, 1869.

## The Brooklyn

Two parts Rye whiskey,
One part French Vermouth,
One dash of Orange bitters,
One dash of Grenadine.

## THE POWER OF SONG

MR. BUSHNELL of Utica, having business in a neighboring town, was obliged in consequence to see the landlord of the village inn. When he entered the bar-room, he saw about twenty inebriates.

Mr. Bushnell began to speak courteously to them of Temperance but they all denounced the cause as the work of politicians.

Finding it impossible to stem the current of abuse by an appeal to their reason, he proposed singing a Temperance song, and accordingly commenced the "Staunch Teetotaler."

On glancing around the room after he had concluded, he observed the tear trickling down the cheek of almost every man. The sentiment of the song, and the melodious, touching manner in which it was sung, had awakened their purest sensibilities. Those hardened men could not resist the appeal and acknowledged its truth with tears!

Soon after the landlord came in and he was asked to repeat the song for his special benefit. After Mr. Bushnell had concluded, he grasped him by the hand and exclaimed, "I will never sell another glass of grog as long as I live."

*Spirit of Liberty*, 1845.

## THE STAUNCH TEETOTALER

I'LL sing you a new Temperance song,
Made by a Temperance pate,
Of a real staunch teetotaler
Who had a good estate;
Who kept up his neat mansion

At a good teetotal rate,
With a little, nice teetotal wife
To render sweet the state
Of this real staunch teetotaler
One of the present time.

He used to beat his weeping wife,
And spend his hard earned gains
In buying whiskey, ale and wine
To stupefy his brains;
His coat was out at elbows,
And his hat without a crown;
In short he was a common pest—
The nuisance of the town,
Before he turned teetotaler—
One of the present time.

But now so happy is his home;
So nicely is he drest—
He never beats his little wife,
But clasps her to his breast;
And if a tear is in her eye,
It is for joy that he
Left off his wicked drunkenness,
And turned out to be
A real staunch teetotaler—
One of the present time.

*Penny Song Book*, 1860.

## The Quarter-deck

Two parts Rum,
One part Sherry,
One teaspoonful of Lime juice.

## The Grandpa

One part Applejack,
One part Lime juice,
Two teaspoonsful of Honey.
Shake well with very fine ice.

## The Nobilius

One part Scotch whiskey,
One part Bacardi Rum,
A teaspoonful of Honey,
A sprig of fresh Mint.

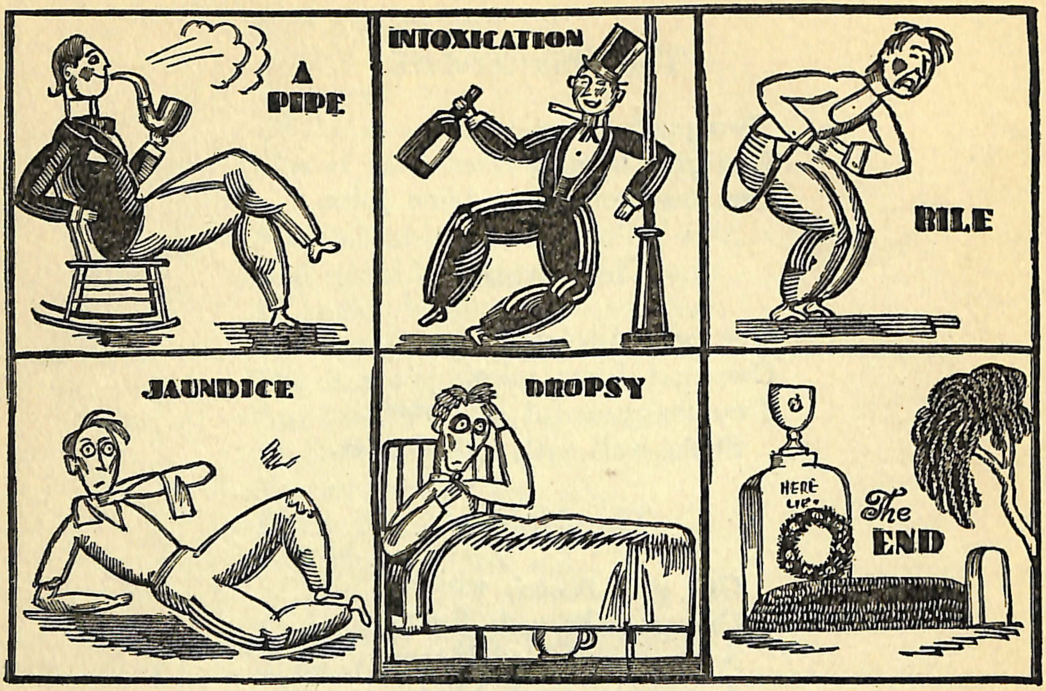
## The Orange Blossom

½ Gin.
½ Orange juice.

## The Peach Blossom

⅔ Gin.
⅓ Lemon juice.
White of one egg.

Sweeten with grenadine and serve in large glass with seltzer.




## WHAT'S IN A PIPE?

"WHAT harm is there in a pipe?" said young Puffwell. "None that I know of," said his companion, "except that smoking induces drinking—drinking induces intoxication—intoxication induces bile—bile induces jaundice—jaundice leads to dropsy—which terminates in death. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

*From Temperance Almanac*, 1842.

# MOTHER GOOSE FOR TEMPERANCE WORKERS

DING, dong, bell!
Daddy's in the well!
What threw him in?
Half a glass of *Gin!*
Soon as he came out
He took a glass of stout!
Better far, I think,
Had he not touched the drink.

Little Miss Moffet
Stood by the buffet
Making a pudding so fine,
Along came the cook,
With a very big book,
Says she, "My dear, put in some wine!"
"Wine, brandy, and gin,
Shall never go in,"
Says Moffet, "to cooking of mine."

Little Jack Horner
Ran round the corner,
And bought him a bottle of rye;
But when he had some
He was sullen and dumb
And then he began to cry.
Says Jack, "Who would think
That one wee drop to drink
Would most make a poor fellow die?"

A boy would to a bar-room go
Whether his mother would let him or no.
So off he went in his fine, new hat
But he fell in the gutter and ruined that.
"Pray, Mr. Bar-man, give me some beer,
For I'm a gay boy, and fond of good cheer;"
But while he was taking beer and gin,
Two big policemen came marching in:
This put the boy in a dreadful fright
And he wished he had stopped at home that night.
They shut him up in a dark cell
And after that he acted well!

*Mother Goose for Temperance Workers*, 1896.

## LITTLE ALICE

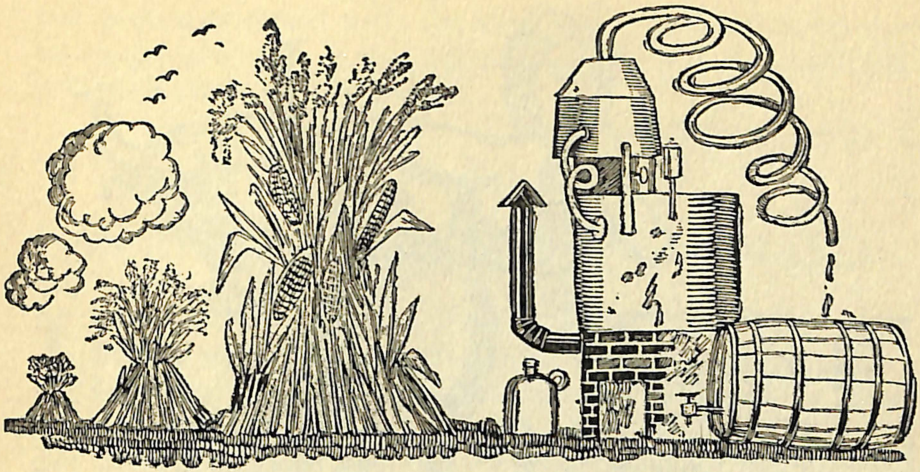
LITTLE ALICE, a dear little girl only eight years old, was taken sick with a very bad fever. The doctor came to see her every day and sometimes twice a day. It seemed as if she would burn up with the fever. She ate nothing, and got weaker and weaker. One day the doctor came in when she was so weak she could not raise her head, and he said, "All we can do now is to give her brandy." Alice heard him. Looking up at the doctor she said as loudly as she could, "No brandy for me; I'll die first! I'm a temperance girl!"

*From "Brave Boys and Girls,"* 1889.

## The Bloodhound

⅓ Gin.
⅓ French Vermouth.
⅓ Italian Vermouth.

Place several strawberries in the shaker before starting operations.



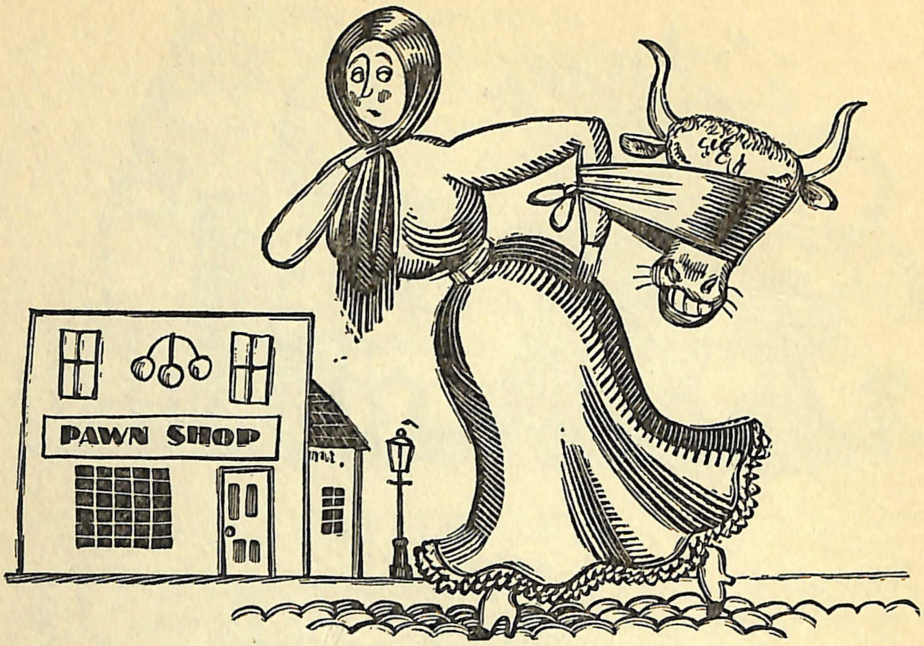
## AUGUST

THE cornfields ripen in the breeze,
Like waves of gold they roll;
How great the sin this grain to seize
To feed the burning bowl.

*Dawson Burns, D.D.*

### Thunder on the Left

One part Applejack,
One half taplespoon of powdered sugar,
Three dashes of bitters,
Stir in a tumbler containing three or four cubes of ice and strain into a wine glass. And a twist of lemon peel.




## A FEMALE DODGE

A CELEBRATED female toper named Nan Pinder used to pawn everything she could lay her hands on for drink.

Every Monday evening regularly she pawned her clock and redeemed it Saturday night thus gaining the use of it for Sunday as a treat.

This had occurred so often that the pawn broker never used to untie the red cotton handkerchief in which Nan always wrapped the clock.

Noting this, one Monday she tied up a cow's head in the handkerchief and the pawn broker advanced the money as usual. Strange to say, Nan didn't redeem the clock the next Saturday

but nothing was said until the smell from the package became so disagreeable that it was opened and the ingenious but discreditable fraud was discovered.

*Temperance Almanac*, 1869.

## AN APPRECIATION OF NEW ENGLAND

I SEE much to admire in New England. I like your skule-houses, your meetin-houses, your enterprise, gumpshun &c., but your favrite bevridge disgusts me; I allude to New England rum. It is wus nor the korn-whisky of Injianny which eats threw stone jugs and will turn the stummick of the most shiftless hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin bole, but t'other day I swallered down sum of your rum. The fust glass endused me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the sekond glass I was seezed with a desire to brake winders; and after imbibin a third, I knockt a small boy down and pict his pocket. People of New England, adoo.

*From Artemus Ward.*

## QUITE SO!

WE have no interest in either party and nothing against them unless they get in the way of this child of the church. If they do we do not care by what name they are called, we will trample them under foot and destroy them forever.

*Report of speech by Clarence True Wilson,*
*N. Y. Times, July 1st*, 1929.

## HOW ROVER CHEERED

Rover is the nicest dog I ever saw. The other night he went to a Temperance meeting with us. It was held in the Town Hall and Rover sat right down in front of me. The man who spoke said ever so many things that pleased the people and they clapped their hands to show him they liked what he said and Rover wagged his tail.

He really wanted to bark but he settled down by my feet. But, by and by, the speaker said something I liked.

He said if there wasn't any liquor sold we would all be better off; we'd have more money; there wouldn't be so many people killed nor so many thieves; the jails would be empty; people would have nicer and happier houses and everybody ought to work for Prohibition.

Rover started right up and gave three loud barks and I didn't scold him either.

Even the dogs will fare better when the liquor saloons are closed for their owners can buy more meat instead of beer.

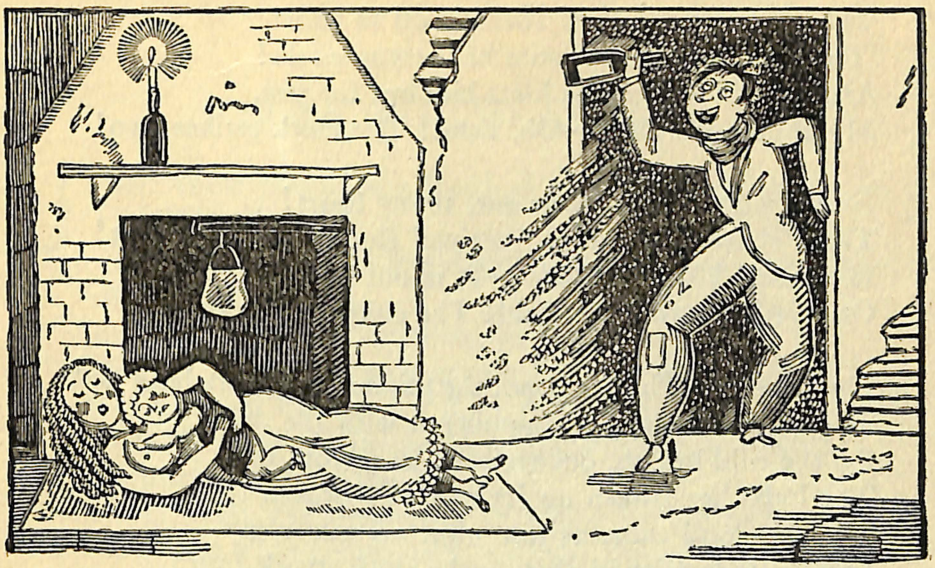
*Little Dew Drops*, 1891.

## ROTTEN

Ocean Grove, N. J., July 16, 29

The Rt. Rev. Ernest G. Richardson, M. E. Bishop of the Philadelphia area, in denouncing press attacks on the prohibition question, said that 8% of all the newspapers were all right on the subject but that the rest were "absolutely rotten" and that this group included the newspapers in the big cities.

*N. Y. Times, July* 17, 1929



## THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE

DARK is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged his love—last year a bride!

Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'tis hunger's cry!
Sleep! for there is no food; the font is dry!
Famine and cold their weary work have done,
My heart must break! and thou—The clock strikes one!

Hark! 'Tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there;
For this—For this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait; but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child—his child—Oh, fiend! The clock strikes two!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou 'rt cold! Thou 'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! Protect my child! The clock strikes three!

They're gone! They're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast.
The drunkard came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned about—the clock struck four!

*Temperance Poetry and Recitations*, 1863.

## The Sweet Alice

One part Brandy,
Two parts French Vermouth,
Two dashes of Curacao

## The Hula

Two parts Applejack,
One part Pineapple juice
The juice of one Lemon

# THE YOUNG SAILOR

JOHN. Were you at the Band of Hope Festival last night, William?

WILLIAM. Yes—I was there and a gentleman from Headquarters spoke.

JOHN. Did he tell you anything particular?

WILLIAM. Yes. He told us that one day he was sitting in a railway carriage waiting for it to start, when he saw a young sailor go along the platform to get into the same train.

JOHN. And what about him?

WILLIAM. Well, the gentleman said that be observed that the sailor was what people call "a little drunk."

ROBERT. Ah, that was a pity, but sailors often get drunk. I wish they would all sign the pledge.

WILLIAM. It would have been well for this young sailor to have done so, for the gentleman told us that they started on their journey and were traveling at express speed, when suddenly the train was brought to a stand still. He looked out of the carriage window, he said, and saw one of the guards gazing at the top of the train. He sprang out, ran up the line toward the guard, and saw the young sailor lying on top of the carriage, and assisted the guard to lift him down and lay him on the grass.

ROBERT. What was the matter with him?

WILLIAM. It seems that he was tipsy, and in his excitement he climbed out of the carriage, mounted on its top, and began to dance a sailor's hornpipe. Whilst doing this his head came in contact with a bridge and he was killed on the spot.

JOHN. Poor fellow, had be heen a Teetotaler he would have been kept from such a dreadful death.

ROBERT. So he would.
WILLIAM. Yes, I felt the gentleman was right when he said he was very glad *he* had signed the pledge.
JOHN. Well, I'll try to keep my pledge.
ROBERT. And so will I.
WILLIAM. The longer we keep it the better, I'm sure.

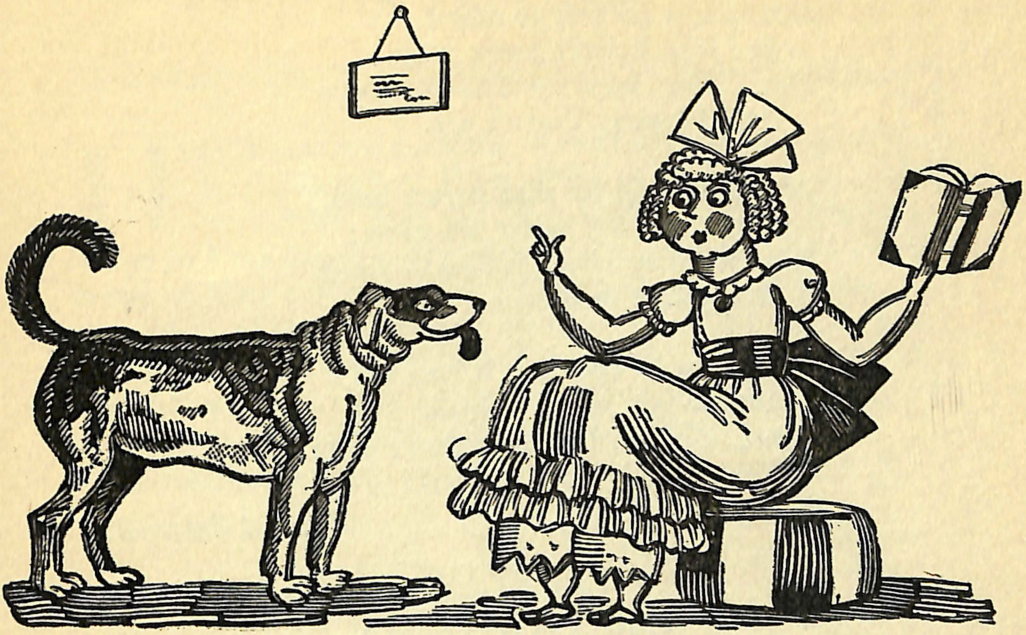
*Recitations for Bands of Hope*, 1859.

## WHAT TO DRINK

THE lily drinks the sunlight,
The primrose drinks the dew,
The cowslip sips the running brook,
The hyacinth, heaven's blue;
The peaches quaff the dawn-light,
The pears the autumn noon,
The apple-blossoms drink the rain
And the first warm air of June.

From all the earth's green basin,
From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,
No living thing of root or wing
Partakes the deadly dole.
I'll quaff the lily's nectar
I'll sip the cowslip's cup,
I'll drink the showers, the sun, the breeze,
But *never* the poisoned cup.

*Albian Temperance Reciter*, 1890.



## DADDY USED TO DRINK

Now, Carlo, don't you bozzer me;
I know you want to play,
But I must study awful hard;
I went to school to-day.

I wish, poor Carlo, you could go;
I never could before,
I had no boots or clothes, you know,
'Cos we were dreadful poor.

But now it isn't so no more;
I'se sure I don't know why,
But Daddy buys me lots of things
And Mammy doesn't cry.

It's something on that pretty card,
Where Daddy wrote his name;
'Cos Mammy kissed it lots of times
And put it in a frame.

I don't know (perhaps it isn't so),
But do you know, I think,
(But, Carlo dear, you musn't tell)
That Daddy used to drink!

*Edward Carswell.*

## ON THE TOWN

Two women found the means of getting intoxicated at a shop, and in going home in a wagon, the one the least drunk contrived to pitch the other out, which occasioned the breaking of her leg. The miserable woman, by this mishap, is thrown on the town for support.

*Cold Water Reminders*, 1876.

## The Deadly Amonita

One part Applejack,
One part Brandy,
The juice of half a Lemon,
A teaspoonful of Grenadine.

## A THOUGHT

(*Magistrate Violet E. Fahnestock in the "Philadelphia Record"*)

HERE is just one evidence of the benefit that has resulted in Philadelphia. When children of the neighborhood were taken into the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess Home on Vine Street at Franklin Square, because of the drunkenness of their fathers or mothers, before prohibition, they always spoke of their parents as 'the old man' or 'the old woman.' Now they refer to them as 'father' or 'mother.' That accomplishment alone justifies the Eighteenth Amendment. The lives of just a few of the younger generation have been bettered."

*Submitted by James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Geneseo, N. Y.*

## WATER!

WATER! water! cries the bird,
With his singing, gentle note:
And the liquid sound is heard
Pouring from his little throat;
Water! water! clear and sweet!
Te-weet! te-weet!

*Anon.*

## The Black Pointer

One and one-half parts Gin,
One part Grapefruit juice,
A quarter of a fresh Peach,
A sprig of fresh Mint.

## PROHIBITION IN MAINE IN 1853

At this moment—and it has been growing ever since the first three months were over, when people were blinded by its presumption, or frightened by its rashness—there is more intemperance and more drinking in this city (Bangor) and neighborhood than there has been at any other time for twenty years. Young men have banded together in clubs to evade the law. Travelers have brought liquor with them to our public houses. Children carry liquor flasks about with them and bottles are made in the shape of Bibles so bound as to deceive the eye.

*A Layman's Argument*, 1853.

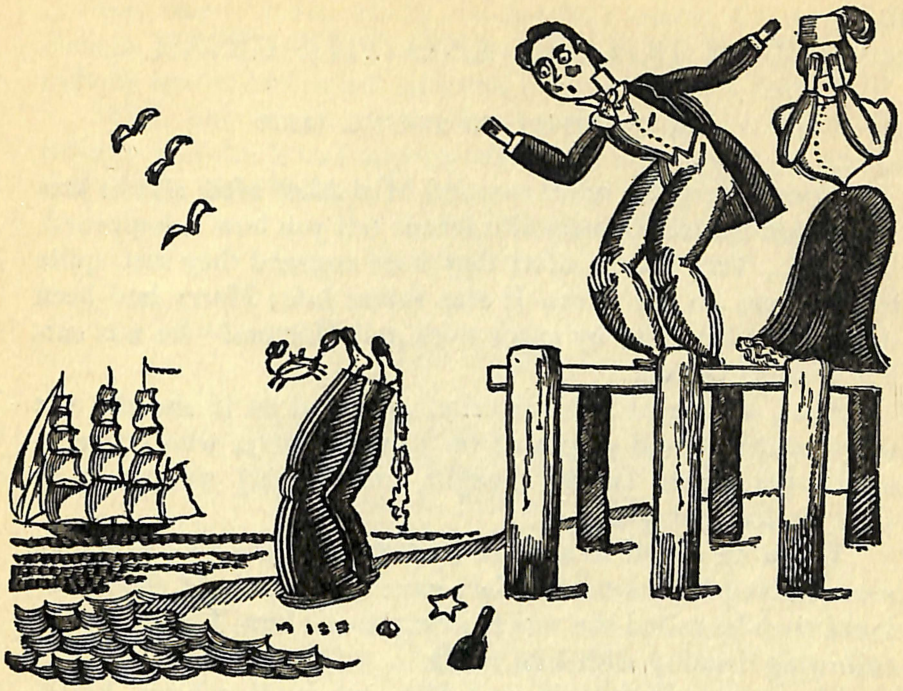
## LITTLE LILY'S SPEECH

I am a little Temperance girl,
Just five years old.
I wouldn't drink a glass of wine
If you'd fill the cup with gold!

I have a little brother,
We belong to the Band of Hope;
And we'll soon be great big Temperance folks,
Oh! won't that be so grand.

When there's not a drunkard to be seen?
For, don't you think it's queer,
The first thing drunkards seem to drink
Is cider, wine, and beer.

*Templar Crusaders*, 1873.



## CHILDHOOD FRIENDS

Of the fifty young men with whom I parted, leaving them to enjoy the pleasures of eating, drinking, smoking and gambling, forty-four have already gone to destruction. Some of them came to a most terrible end.

"One, in a state of intoxication, fell head foremost from the pier at Havre, France, and became embedded in the mud. The receding tide exposed his sad and dishonored remains to the public view."

*The Hon. E. C. Delavan*, 1830.

# THE POTATO AND THE CIGAR

## A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN

Poor Harry; he never married Miss Alice after all; he was not genteel enough. But let me tell you how it happened.

Very shortly after they were engaged they met, quite by accident, on the street. It was rather late; Harry had been detained at his office by extra work and Horrors!—he was eating a baked potato.

Alice, aghast at his vulgarity, appeared as if she did not see who it was and so passed on just as Harry, who had concealed the potato (as he thought, unobserved) was about to raise his hat and speak.

When he called to see her next evening she was very cool and reserved in manner; in fact gave him the "cold shoulder." Next time he called she was too busy to see him. He visited the following evening with like result.

He never called again and Alice got another beau, Frank, and soon forgot all about Harry.

One evening after they had become engaged Alice met Frank in the street just as she had Harry. And was Frank eating a baked potato too? Oh, dear, no! Nothing so low and vulgar as that for Frank was a perfect gentleman. No, he was brandishing his cane and smoking a cigar.

Alice was delighted and tripped along happily at his side; looking up into his heavily moustached face with one of her most bewitching smiles, she murmured, "Oh, Frank, you always smoke such nice cigars."

And verily they should have been "nice ones" at six cents a piece while that horrid potato of Harry's, which was really good wholesome food, cost only one penny.

But then you see, Harry did not owe anyone a penny (although he did have his poor mother to keep). As for Frank, nobody knows how much he owes, especially to his tailor.

Why, like Frank, do so many people spend so much for tobacco and drink and appearances when they might be simple and kindly like Harry?

*Evans Temperance Manual*, 1878.

## The 1508

Two parts Gin,
One part Orange juice,
The juice of half a Lemon,
A teaspoonful of Grenadine.

## The Coffee House

One part Rye whiskey,
One part black Coffee,
Two dashes of sugar syrup,
Two dashes of Orange bitters.

## The Ellery

Two parts Rye whiskey,
One part Applejack,
One part Orange juice.

## HOW TEACHER'S BREATH SMELT OF TOBACCO

Some Sunday School scholars were wending their way,
Back home from their school one fine summer day,
When one of his fellows did earnestly say,
"How teacher's breath smelt of Tobacco!"

Smoking Sunday School teachers take notice and hark!
At the words which were uttered by young Charlie Darke,
And ne'er give your scholars the chance to remark,
"How teacher's breath smelt of Tobacco!"

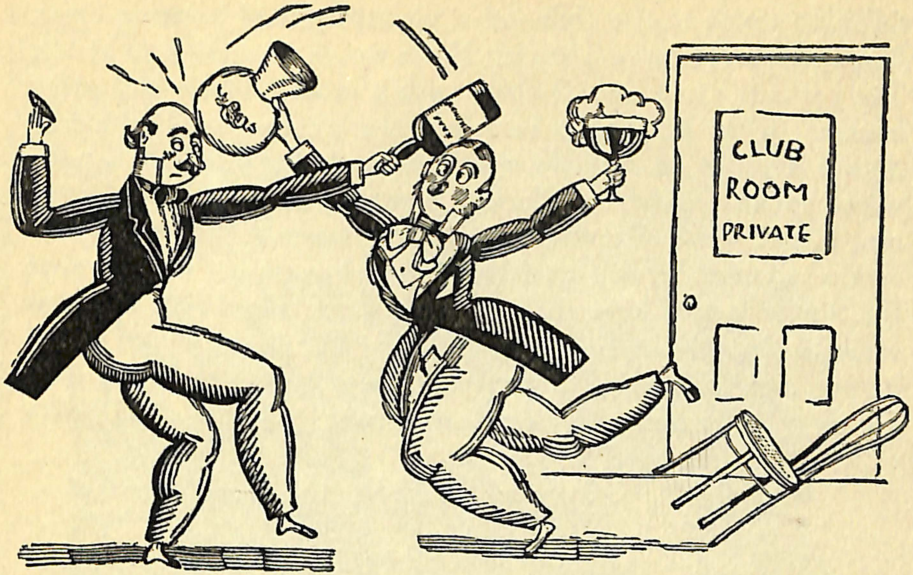
For if I should ask some stripling youth why
He puffed away smoke, around far and nigh,
Oh, how I should grieve to hear him reply,
"My teacher, he uses Tobacco."

Oh, Parents and Teachers, remember, pray do,
That the children each side are learning from you;
Then teach them not smoking but bid them eschew
All sorts of Strong Drink and Tobacco.

*The Good Intent Temperance Reciter*, 1865.

## The Ink Street

One part Rye whiskey,
One part Orange juice,
One part Lemon juice.




## THE SAD END OF THE CONVIVIALITY CLUB

THE first diminution which the Conviviality Club received in the number of its members was in the person of Daniel Crowquill, who, attempting to return to his house one morning, from the Red Horse Tavern, after carousing cosily until nearly four o'clock, missed his way in a violent snowstorm and perished in the road. Ananiah Saddletree was shortly after arrested for debt and lodged in the County jail. Jonas Simpkins, after a violent quarrel with his wife, felt the stings of remorse so powerfully at work in his bosom, that he went into the garret and hung himself. Dr. Merritt was thrown from his horse on leaving the tavern and had his ankle bone so shattered that amputation was necessary. Stephen Thompson, after exhausting his worldly store, commenced a system of petty pilfering and was sentenced to States prison. But what gave the

finishing touch to the club was a violent quarrel between Capt. Hardwick and Squire Thaxter. From words they came to blows. The captain was knocked down with a brandy bottle and sadly bruised; when he got up he seized the spit-box and belabored Squire Thaxter so severely over the head that the poor wretch never spoke another word. Dr. Simpson undertook to trepan him but it was ascertained at the post mortem that the operation of trepanning was performed in so bungling a manner that the Squire would have died anyhow. Capt. Hardwick was sentenced to hard labor for seven years and Dr. Simpson was forced by popular indignation to leave the town. And so the Club, having lost all its members, was forced to suspend, to the dismay of the tavern keeper.

*Family Temperance Almanac*, 1835.

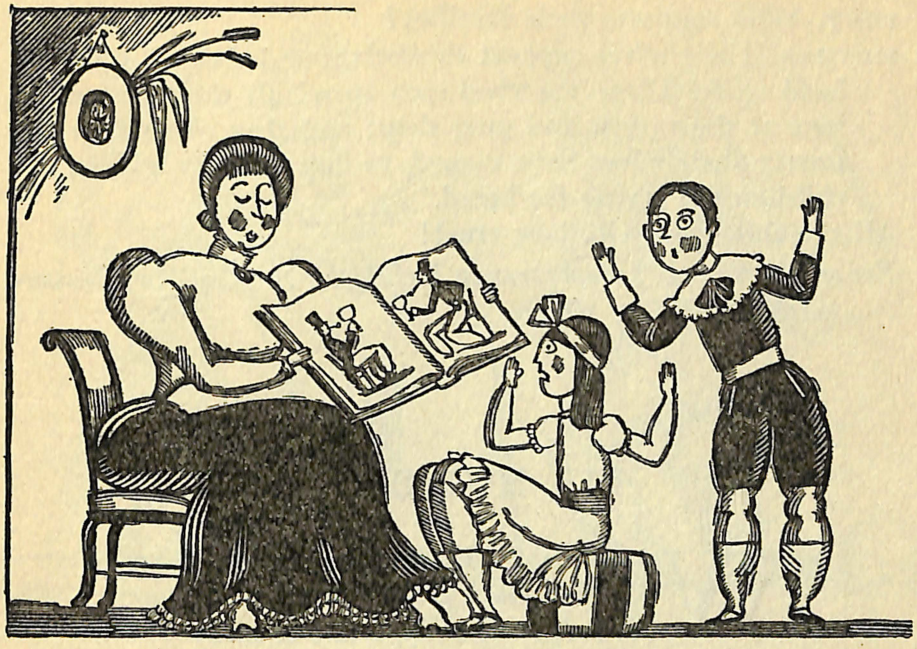
## OH NO!

In the ways of true Temperance see children delighting,
So joyful and happy wherever we go;
If firm to the purpose in which we're uniting
We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken
Is the first step to ruin, e'en children may know;
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

Then free from the ruin strong drink would occasion,
We'll stand by our Temperance wherever we go;
And if bad men should tempt we'll resist their persuasion
And never be drunkards—oh never, oh no!

*Band of Hope Melodist*, 1865.



## PRETTY PICTURES

MOTHER. Come to me, my dear children, and I will show you some more pictures.

JAMES. What are these men doing, mother?

MOTHER. They are drinking and smoking. Do you not see those glasses in their hands? One of the men has a pipe in his mouth.

LUCY. What have they been doing?

MOTHER. They have been at the tavern half the day, drinking, smoking and singing foolish songs.

JAMES. Have these men families, mother?

MOTHER. Yes, they have. But they think more of the bottle than of their wives and children.

LUCY. Who supports their families?

MOTHER. Their wives support themselves and their children by hard work. These wretched men spend all their own earnings at the tavern and grog shop; and they often take the money their wives have earned, to buy whiskey while their children are crying for bread.

All the children.—Oh, how cruel!

*From "Scenes of Intemperance Exhibited in Familiar Conversations" Phila.*, 1850.

## I'LL NOT BEGIN

WHY should I learn to smoke and chew?
No reason good I know,
It helps not body, heart or soul;—
And is it manly? No!
Why should I not? It injures health;
'Tis filthy, leads to sin;
Costs money, time, and intellect;
No! No! I'll not begin.

*Gems for Bands of Hope*, 1886.

## A Remsen Cooler

Peel a lemon as you would an apple; then place the ring in a large tumbler, add two lumps of ice, Scotch whiskey to taste, and fill with sparkling water.

## THE TWO PEDLARS

A PEDLAR overtook another of his tribe on the road and thus accosted him, "Hallo, friend, what do you carry?" "Rum and whiskey," was the prompt reply. "Good," said the other, "you may go ahead, I carry gravestones."

*The Temperance Preacher*, 1865.

### The Colonial

½ Gin.
½ Grapefruit Juice (fresh or canned).
2 dashes maraschino.

## The Fizz Family

*The Gin Fizz*

⅔ Gin.
⅓ Lemon Juice.

Sugar to taste. Shake well, strain into large glass and fill up with soda or seltzer.

*The Silver Fizz*

As above but add the white of an egg.

*The Golden Fizz*

Add the yolk of an egg.

*The Royal Fizz*

Put in the whole egg (less the shell).

## The Ramos Fizz

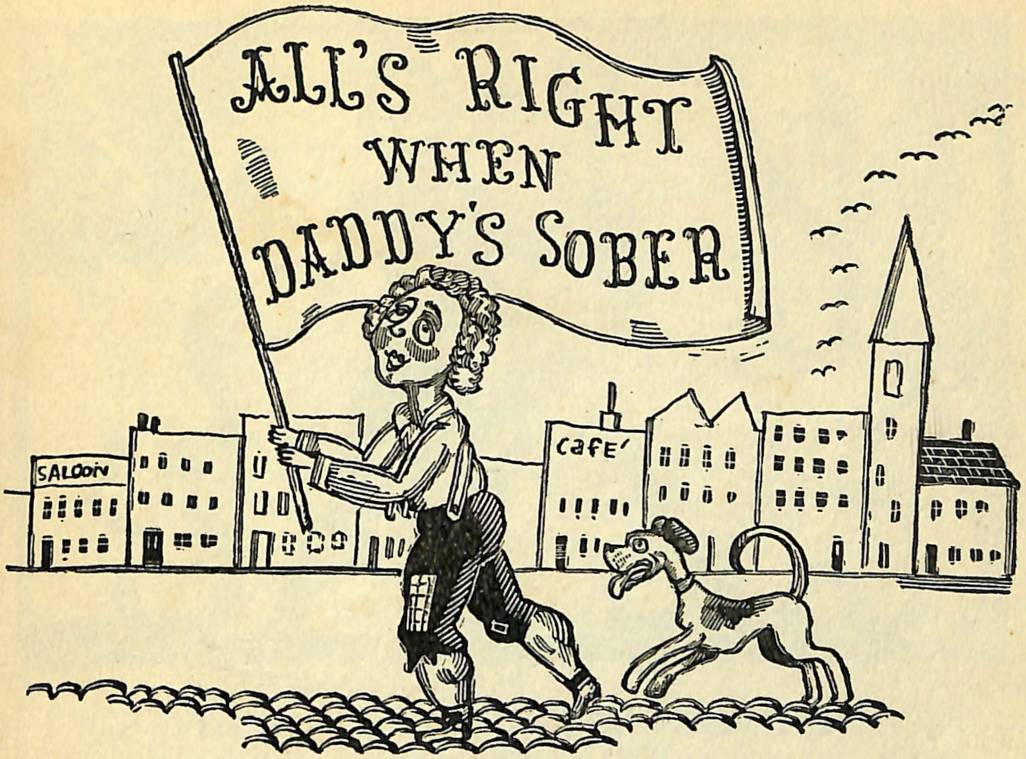
(This is the authentic and secret recipe)

1 Tablespoon of sugar.
1 part Gin.
½ part heavy cream.
2 Tablespoons lemon juice.
2 Tablespoons lime juice.
1 white of egg.

Shake vigorously until almost exhausted then pour into chilled glass containing 1 part seltzer and two dashes of orange flower water.

## The Eye Opener

Two parts Rye whiskey,
One part Grapefruit juice,
One lump of ice.
Stir gently and drink before it is too cold.




## A VOLUME IN A LINE

At the Temperance Celebration on the glorious fourth at New Market, Tennessee, a little lad appeared in the procession, bearing a flag on which was inscribed the following:

ALL'S RIGHT WHEN DADDY'S SOBER.

*No Gin Today*, 1876.

## THE DRUNKARD EATEN UP BY RATTLESNAKES

The body of a vagrant Scotchman was found a few days since near West Chazy, New York. Near the spot where the remains lay is a large chasm or ledge of rocks, that has long been known as the den of a great number of rattlesnakes; and from the trails leading between the corpse and the rock, it is evident that the unfortunate man was killed by the serpents. The flesh was literally picked from the bones. It is supposed that this poor fellow wandered to the spot and falling down in a state of unconsciousness became an easy prey to the reptiles.

*From "The Temperance Hand-Book,"* 1874.

## TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC—MENTAL ADDITION

1. A woman spent 5 cents in the morning for a glass of beer and 10 cents at night for a jug of lager. What did she spend for both?
2. This woman said she was starving for food. She could have got a loaf for 5 cents and a pound of meat for 10 cents. How much would they have cost?

   Thus she could have had food for a day for the price of her drink.
3. On Monday James spent 10 cents for cigars; on Tuesday 5 cents for beer; on Wednesday, 15 cents for egg nog; on Thursday, 10 cents for ale. What did he spend for all?

   On Friday was he any better off for what he had spent?
4. Sam, on his birthday, treated his friends. He spent 1 dollar on cigars, 2 dollars on wine, 1 dollar on mint julep. How many dollars did he spend?
5. John, on his birthday, treated his friends. He bought a bushel of peaches for 1 dollar, he took two lame boys to ride for 1 dollar, and he bought three nice books for 2 dollars. What did John spend?

   Which made the best use of his money?

*Temperance Arithmetic*, 1876.

## The Clover Club

½ Gin.
½ Lemon Juice.
¼ Grenadine.
White of one egg.

## THE WICKED NURSE

CHILD. Mother, what is this picture?

MOTHER. It is the picture of a nurse with a little infant on her lap.

CHILD. But what is nurse doing to the baby? Is she going to kill it?

MOTHER. No my child. She is feeding it with gin and water.

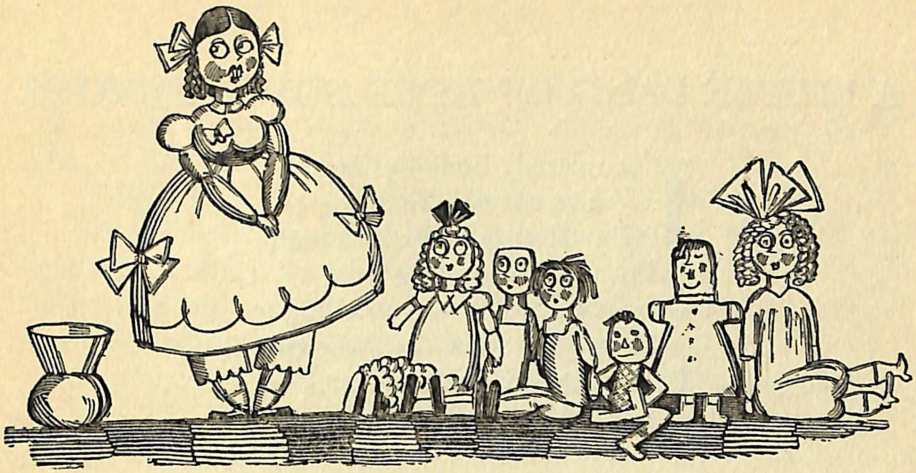
CHILD. But mother, why does nurse give gin to the baby?

MOTHER. Many mothers and nurses think that spirit is very good and necessary for infants and often give it them to keep them quiet. But it is a very bad and hurtful practice. I should not be surprised if, when this little babe grows up to be a man, he should be a drunkard.

*From "Temperance Almanac for* 1834."

## The Rob Roy

Two parts Scotch whiskey,
One part French Vermouth,
One part Italian Vermouth,
One teaspoonful of sugar,
A dash of Bitters.



## A TINY TOT

I'm nothing but a tiny tot,
Yet one thing's very clear,
A little pledge card I have dot,
I drink no wine or beer.

But though I'm such a little maid,
You'd hardly think it true,—
I've dot six lovely darling dolls,
And they're teetot'lers, too!

*Lizzie Penney.*

## Tom Collins

In the largest glass obtainable, place the juice of one lemon, plenty of sugar and gin. Add several lumps of ice and fill the glass with club soda.

## A LITTLE BAND OF HOPE BOY'S ADDRESS

I'm mama's little darling,
I'm auntie's little joy;
I'm sister's little torment,
I'm papa's cunning boy.
I don't drink beer or whiskey;
Some folks there are who do;
I'd rather have cold water——
I think it best, don't you?

I do not use tobacco,
Cigars or even snuff;
I don't intend to either——
I do not like such stuff.
I think that I can travel
Life's journey all way through
As well without as with them——
And if I can, can't you?

I am a little signer——
I've signed the pledge for life;
And when in years I'm older,
Please count me in the strife.
The good, the true, the noble
Through life I will pursue;
I'll live to aid the erring,
And restore them—would not you?

*Gems for Bands of Hope*, 1895.

## BITING A RUM SELLER

I SAY, landlord," said a man in the country to a tavern keeper, "how many drinks can I get for two long bits?"

"Five," said mine host.

"Well, fa|k 'em over. Come up boys and drink!"

The liquorizing completed, he pulls out two worn out old bridle bits, which were long enough in all conscience. It is needless to say how savage the landlord looked, when the customer walked coolly out, amid the shouts of the crowd.

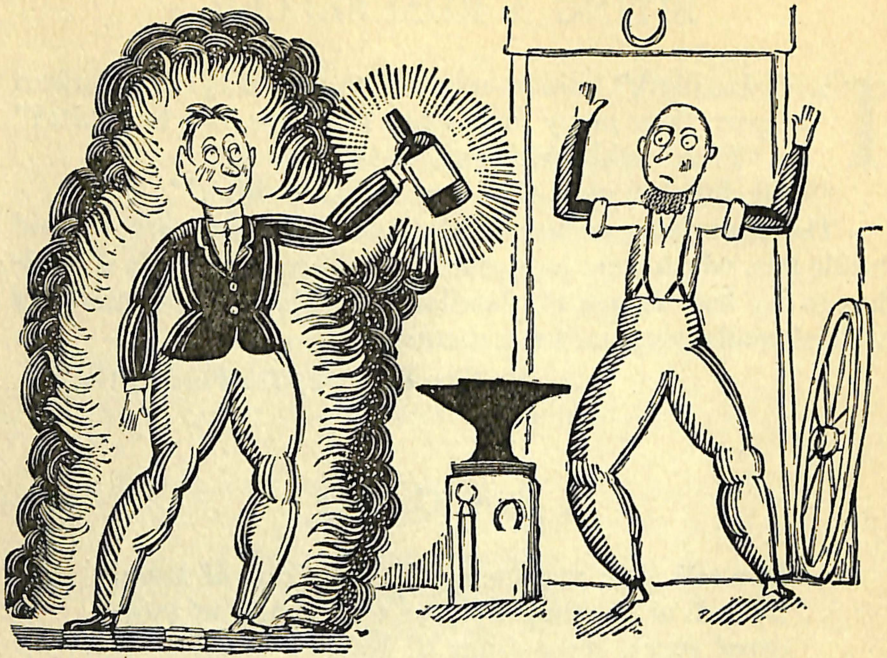
*The Power of the Pledge*, 1848.

## A Rum Cobbler

In a tall glass put one good sized drink of Rum, Bacardi or Jamaica, add one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, three drops of Raspberry Syrup or Grenadine, the juice of half a Lemon and a generous dash of Nutmeg. Fill the glass nearly full with finely cracked ice, then add seltzer or sparkling water and serve with a straw, placing a small slice of pineapple or a cherry on top.

## The Traprock

One part Grapefruit juice,
The juice of one Lime
Two parts Applejack,
A dash of Grenadine.



## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

THE cases of the deaths of inebriates by internal fires kindled spontaneously have become so numerous and so incontrovertible that I suppose no person of information will question it.

Dr. Peter Scholfield of Upper Canada tells us of "a young man about twenty-five years of age. He had been an habitual drunkard for many years. I saw him about nine o'clock in the evening on which it happened; he was then, as usually, not drunk but full of liquor; about eleven o'clock the same evening I was called to see him.

"I found him literally roasted from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He was found in a blacksmith's shop. The owner, all of a sudden, discovered an extensive light in his shop as though the whole building were in one general blaze. He ran with the greatest precipitancy, and on throwing open the door discovered a man standing in the midst of a widely extended silver-colored flame, bearing, as he described it, exactly the appearance of the wick of a candle, in the midst of its own flame.

"He seized him (the drunkard) by the shoulder and jerked him to the door upon which the flame was instantly extinguished.

"There was no fire in the shop, neither was there any possibility of fire having been communicated to him by external source. It was a case of spontaneous combustion.

"A general sloughing soon came on and his flesh was consumed or removed in the dressing, leaving only the bones and a few of the larger blood vessels. He complained of no pain for his flesh was all gone and thus he survived for thirteen days."

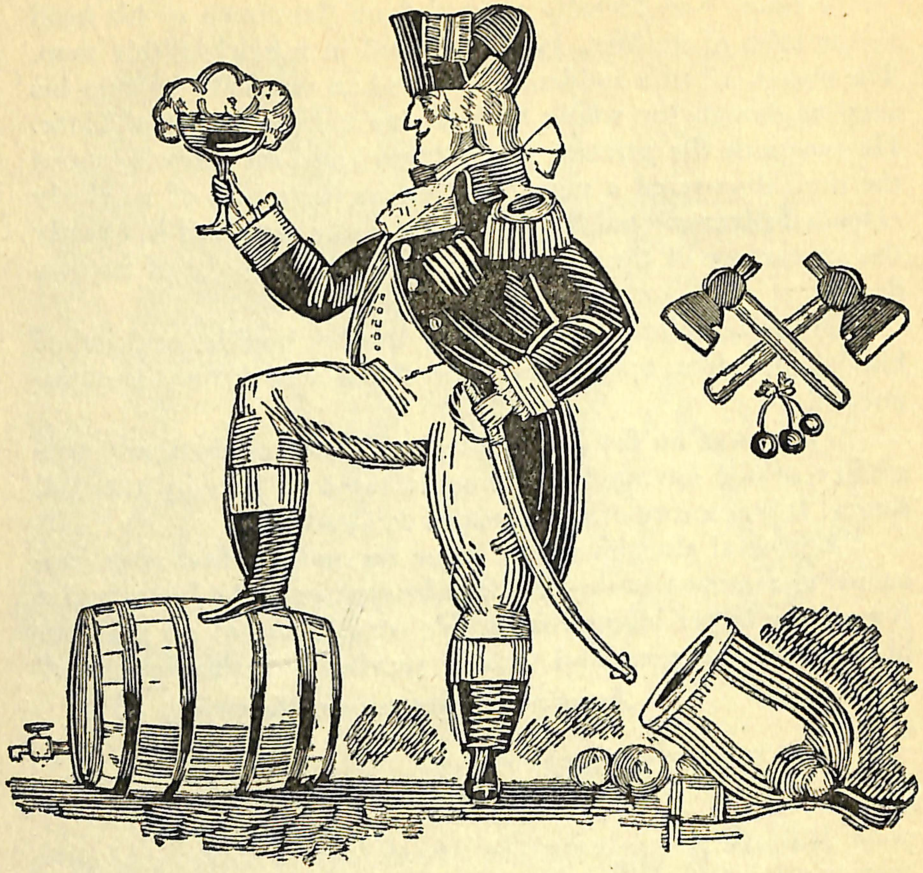
*American Temperance Magazine*, 1851.

## The Bronx

⅓ Gin.
⅓ French and Italian Vermouth.
⅓ Orange Juice.

## The Cooperstown

Just like the Bronx but put two or three sprigs of mint in the shaker. Lacking mint, a peppermint candy isn't as bad as it sounds.



## SONG FROM "YE HATCHET PARTIE"

(For the Celebration of Washington's Birthday)

(*Hatchets rise and sing to air, "Balm of Gilead"*)

There's a great tree growing o'er us,
Chop it down! chop it down!
There's a great tree growing o'er us,
Chop it down!

There's a great tree growing o'er us,
It is standing right before us,
Chop it down! Chop it down!
Chop it down, down, down!
Take a hatchet, hatchet,
Take a hatchet, hatchet,
Take a hatchet,
And help us chop it down.

(*During these last three lines the hatchets are extended handle-wise to the audience, and then turned to point to the letters, Y.W.C.T.U., which should occupy a prominent place in the decorations. The following lines are then sung, completing the song.*)

*Y W C T U*
Y W C T U
Y W C T U
We'll chop the great tree down!

(*Chopping gestures during the last line*)

*Ye Hatchet Partie, and Other Entertainments.*
*Mary H. Mather*, 1889.

## Washington's Recipe for Making Beer

### To make Small Beer:

Take a large Sifter full of Bran Hops to your Taste. Boil these 3 hours then strain out 30 Gall into a Cooler put in 3 Gall Molasses while the Beer is Scalding hot or rather draw the Melasses into the Cooler & Strain the Beer on it while boiling Hot.let this stand till it is little more than Blood warm then put in a quart of Yeast if the Weather is very Cold cover it over with a Blanket & let it Work in the Cooler 24 hours then put it into the Cask—leave the Bung open till it is almost done Working—Bottle it that day Week it was Brewed.

## DRINKING EXCUSES

DRINKING excuses are so numerous that we can only mention the most successful ones:—

1. The Atmospheric Excuse.—Thunder in the air —A nasty fog coming up—This trying raw wind—Going to rain—To keep out the night air.

2. The Medical Excuse.—Don't feel right, somehow—a nasty cold coming on—influenza flying about—my old friend, the rheumatism, threatening—to get an appetite—to help digestion—Cholera.

3. The Friendly Excuse.—On meeting a friend—on parting with a friend—absent friends—the friends around us—the ladies, and in extreme cases, The President of the United States.

4. The Miscellaneous Excuse. Had salt fish for breakfast—ditto ditto meat for dinner—going to have salt meat for supper —water not fit to drink—saw a man nearly run over.

*Temperance Banner*, 1870.

## A TEMPERANCE DRINK

"WHAT is that you are carrying to the field, Daisy?" asked Uncle Melton.

Uncle Melton was digging in the garden. He had come to the farm-house a day or two before on a visit for his health, and was working out-of-doors with all his might.

"It's beer," said Daisy. "Aunt Dora told me to take it to uncle and Harry."

"Daisy, have you thought that this beer may wake up a love of that which 'bites like a serpent and stings like an adder'? Do you know that beer itself is a poison? Didn't I see you reading a Temperance book yesterday?"

"Yes, you did. And I have thought it wrong to get them beer and have hated to do it. But I must mind Aunt Dora, and uncle and Harry will have something to drink."

"See here, Daisy; Aunt Dora has gone over the field to Mrs. Webbs. Do you run back to the house and nearly fill a pail with cold water. Then put in it some molasses, half a cup of vinegar and a spoonful of ground ginger. Take in a paper a little baking-soda. Then when you get to the field put the soda in the pail and stir it well, and give uncle and Harry a good drink while it foams, and see what they think of it."

Half an hour later Daisy came back by the garden.

"What did they say?" asked Uncle Melton.

"They said it was prime! Uncle said he'd lay out no more money for a keg of beer, if I could get him up drinks like that. Harry said his Sunday school teacher had been at him to give up beer, and he'd been half a mind to, and now he would if I'd make him something as cool and comfortable as that every day."

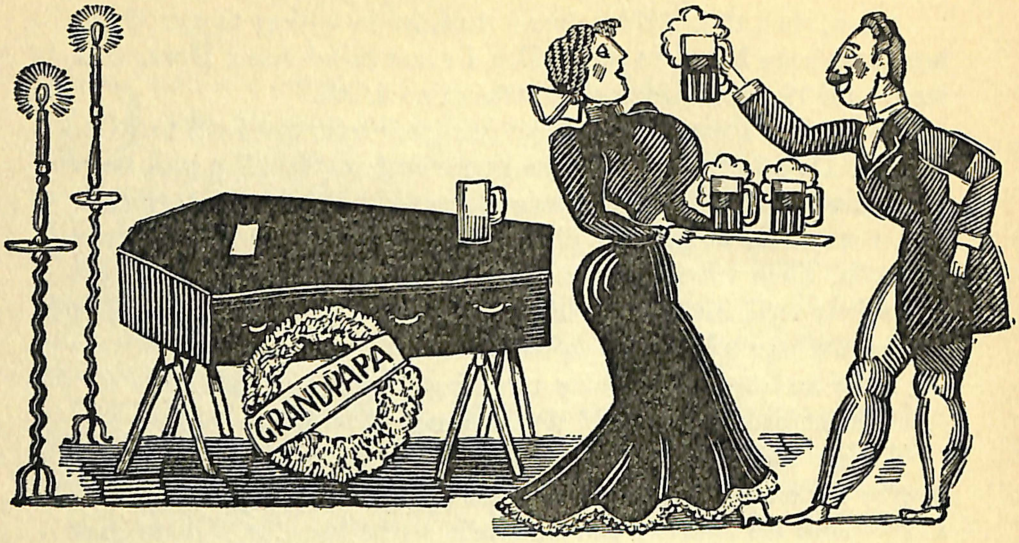
"Bravo! Now see what Aunt Dora says."

Aunt Dora said "she'd rather by half have her men folks drink molasses and ginger, than be guzzling beer and scaring her half to death for fear they'd turn out topers."

*J. McNair Wright, in "Pebbles and Pearls,"* 1891.

## The Gin Daisy

One part Gin
The juice of half a Lemon
Three dashes of Orange bitters
Three dashes of Curacao
Four dashes of sugar syrup
Serve in a medium sized glass half full of finely cracked ice.




## ADVICE TO FEMALES

### ON THE SUBJECT OF TEMPERANCE

My Fair Friends,

Permit me to draw your attention to many of the practices of intemperance which are connected with the habits and influence of the female sex.

Funerals, which ought to beget solemnity of mind, are often seasons of excess and women are often the principal actors on these occasions. You meet the attendants at the door with hot ale, and during their stay you are incessantly serving it round. Many, by your services in this way, are seen drunk, as they follow the corpse to the grave and finish the day, on so solemn an occasion, with riot and disorder—even the laying out of a corpse is often accompanied with an intoxicating glass.

How many young women, especially those connected with factories, do we see go into the dram shops! On a Saturday night, hundreds, it is believed, in this town, call after they have received their wages, to get a dram. Let us remember, that they are making a dreadful compact with the devil and are hastening on to death and hell. Can a youth of sin be succeeded by a maturity of comfort, or an old age of serenity? As well might we expect a blasted tree to flourish! Early dissipation will entail a life of misery.

*Temperance Almanac*, 1847.

## A GOOD PLAN

SEVERAL young ladies in Brooklyn kept Temperance Pledges on their parlor tables on New Year's day and offered them, instead of wine to the gentlemen who called. Many signatures were obtained.

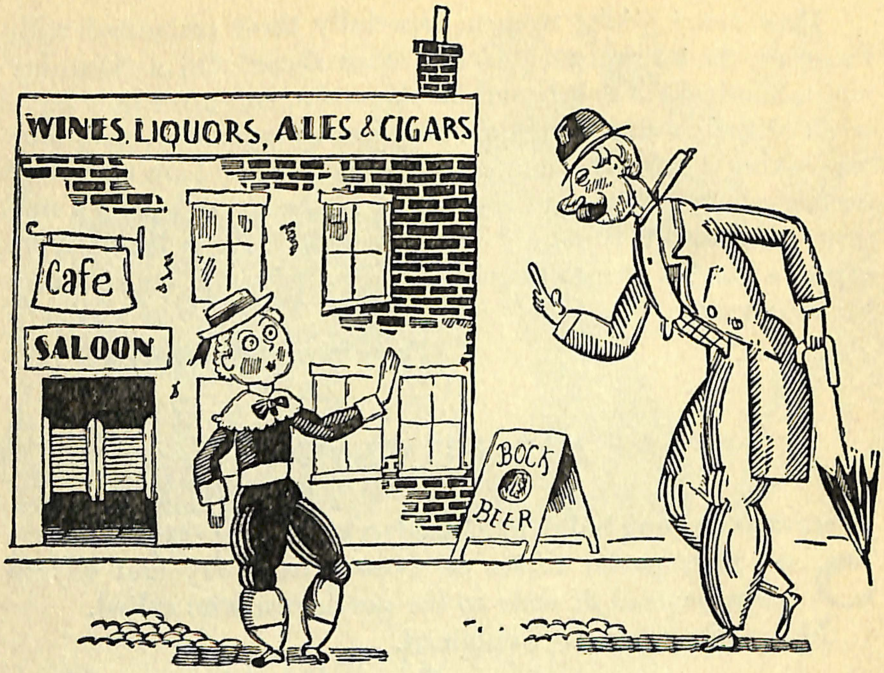
*Temperance Advocate*, 1884.

## The Rickey

Drop a piece of ice in a medium size glass, add the juice of one lime (or equal amount of lemon) and gin to taste. Fill up with seltzer.

## The Dacqueri

Two parts Bacardi Rum,
One part Lime juice,
Three dashes of Grenadine.




## A NOBLE BOY

Not long ago in a small town in Mass., a wretched victim of habit thus accosted a lad standing at a shop door: "I say, boy, can you tell me where there's a dram-shop?" "No," replied the youth, "I never tell anyone where to find such places." How much more truly noble was this, than the conduct of those fashionable "Abstainers" who, refusing the evil drink themselves, will yet furnish it to others.

*Teetotaller's Handbook*, 1860.

## THE MILLER AND HIS HORSE

Oh! the miller's horse goes home at night
With a head both clear and cool;
But the miller is tight, and he speaks quite right
When he calls himself a fool!
He has spent long hours at the beer-saloon,
He has wasted his precious store;
He is filled within with his darling sin,
Yet his thoughts are all for more.

*From "Pebbles and Pearls,"* 1885.

## COLD WATER

Cold water from the mountain
In cooling streams doth flow,
From every gushing fountain
It springs to light, you know.

Then take the cup of water,
And leave your liquor strong;
Oh! take the cup of water,
Let it quickly pass along.

Your wife and children ever
Shall bless this happy day,
When you left rum for water
And threw your gin away!

Cold water will restore you
To happiness again;
Remove from your complexion
The Brandy's purple stain.

Come, all ye merry maidens,
Miss Lucy or Miss Poll,
Come pass around the paper,
You're sure to sign them all!

*Boston Temperance Songster*, 1846.

## SAILORS BEWARE!

A few years since, a vessel was wrecked near Newburyport, Mass., in an intensely cold night. Some of the crew drank ardent spirits to keep them warm, while others abstained. Of those who used the spirits, some lost their hands, some their feet, and some perished while those who used none survived unhurt. Ardent spirits are always positively injurious.

*From "Ten Dialogues on the Effects of Ardent Spirits."*

### The Fatu-Liva

Two parts Scotch whiskey,
One part Gin,
One part Grapefruit juice,
A dash of Grenadine,
A sprig of fresh Mint.

### The Mamie Taylor

One part Scotch whiskey,
The juice of half a Lime,
Half a tall glass of cracked ice.
Fill with Ginger Ale

## THE DRUNKARD AND THE CHILDREN

A MAN was leaning, very much intoxicated, against a tree. Some little girls coming home from school saw him there and at once said to each other,—"What shall we do for him?" Presently one said, "Oh, I'll tell you, let's sing him a Temperance Song." And so they did. They collected around him and struck up—

"Away, away the bowl!"

And so on in beautiful tones. The poor drunkard liked it, "sing again, my little girls!" said he. "We will if you will sign the Temperance Pledge," they answered. "No, no," said he, "we are not at a Temperance Meeting. No, I will not sign now but sing again for me." So again they sang—

"The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me!"

"Oh, do sing again," he said, but they were firm this time and declared they would go away if he did not sign. "But how can I write when I have no table?" he asked. At this, one quiet, modest, pretty little creature came up timidly, with one finger on her lips, and said, "You can write upon your hat while we hold it for you." And so the man signed and from that day a drop of spirits never crossed his lips.

*From "1000 Temperance Anecdotes," London*, 1868.

## The Martini

½ Gin.
½ French Vermouth.
Twist of lemon peel.

This should be stirred with a spoon and not shaken.

## The Majo

One part Rye whiskey,
One part French Vermouth,
The white of an egg,
The juice of half a Lemon,
Three dashes of Orange bitters.

# AWAY THE BOWL—WE'LL NEVER DRINK

COME, all dear children, gather round,
And sober learn to be;
The surest way at length we've found—
Teetotal, safe and free.

CHORUS

We're marching through teetotal ground,
To spread it's lessons all around;
And then we all shall sober be
And never drink the bane.

Girls.—What! Never, never drink?
Boys.—No! Never drink the bane!

We're marching through teetotal ground,
We'll never drink the bane.

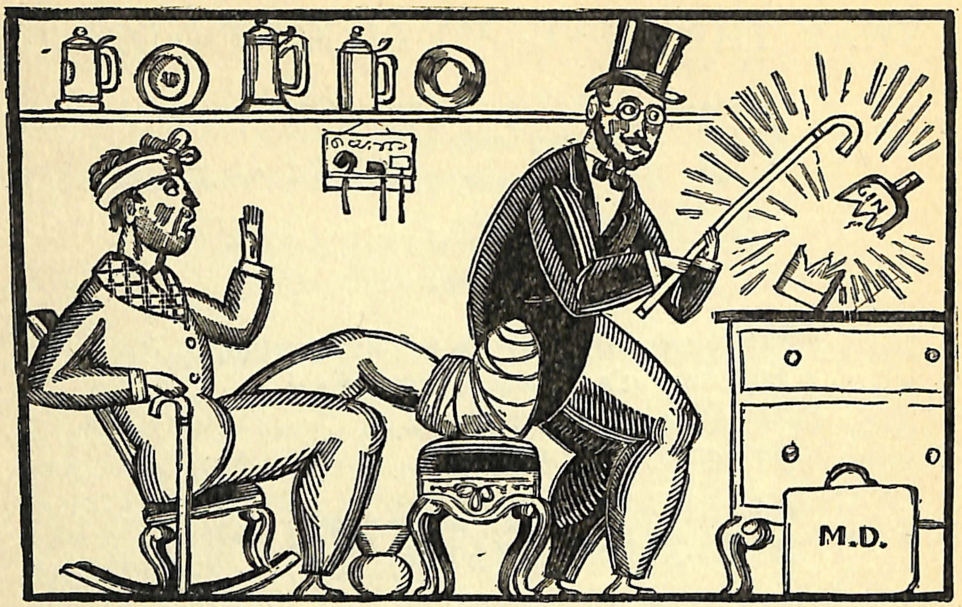
Each drunken man was once, 'tis true,
A sober little boy;
Oh then, dear youth, and maiden too,
Teetotal sign with joy.

CHORUS

Though parents bid us sip their beer,
And friends and masters too,
We will not drink, we need not fear,
But boldly answer no.

CHORUS

*Exercise Book for Bands of Hope*, 1861.




## A POINTED BLOW

An invalid sent for a physician, the late Doctor Wheelman; and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, and so forth, he thus summed up:—"Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike the real cause of my ailment if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a bottle of *Gin* that stood upon the sideboard.

*Mass. Temperance Union*, 1845.

## THE MOVIES

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., OCT. 18, '29.

Drinking scenes in movies are detrimental to enforcement of Prohibition, according to a resolution adopted by the New York State Christian Temperance Union in session here.

*N. Y. World, Oct. 18*, 1929.

### Old-Fashioned Cocktail

In a bar glass put one lump of sugar and add four dashes of Angostura bitters. Put in a good size cube of ice and Rye whiskey to taste. Stir slowly until sugar is dissolved, then put a twist of lemon peel on top.

### Planter's Cocktail

One part Bacardi Rum,
One part Orange juice,
One part Lemon juice.

### The Zaza

½ Gin.
½ Dubonnet.

Note: The true beauty of a cocktail can only be brought out by the use of plenty of ice and elbow grease.

## DO YOU?

I AM a youth of tender years,
I strive to live aright;
I think I am an honest boy,
I aim to be polite.
Whatever's right and pure and good
I always try to do;
I do not swear, nor lie, nor cheat,
I do not smoke nor chew,—
Do you?

*From "Brave Boys and Girls,"* 1880.

## DEVIL'S GRIST

A WRETCHED mother who had been imbibing strong ale in a dram shop, entered the door of her home with her child on one arm and a bag of flour on the other. By mistake she threw her child in the meal chest in a closet near at hand, and placed the bag of flour in the cradle; then threw herself upon her bed to sleep.

During the night the mother was occasionally aroused by the cries of the poor child and once or twice she actually got up and rocked the bag of flour.

Morning came and with it the discovery of the darling babe dead in the meal chest.

Since then that wretched mother has signed the Pledge.

*Cold Water Magazine*, 1842.

## The Charlie Hill

One part Rye whiskey,
The white of an egg,
Two dashes of Grenadine.

## The Bunny Hug

One part Scotch whiskey,
One part Gin,
One part Absinthe.

## The Held-by-the-Enemy

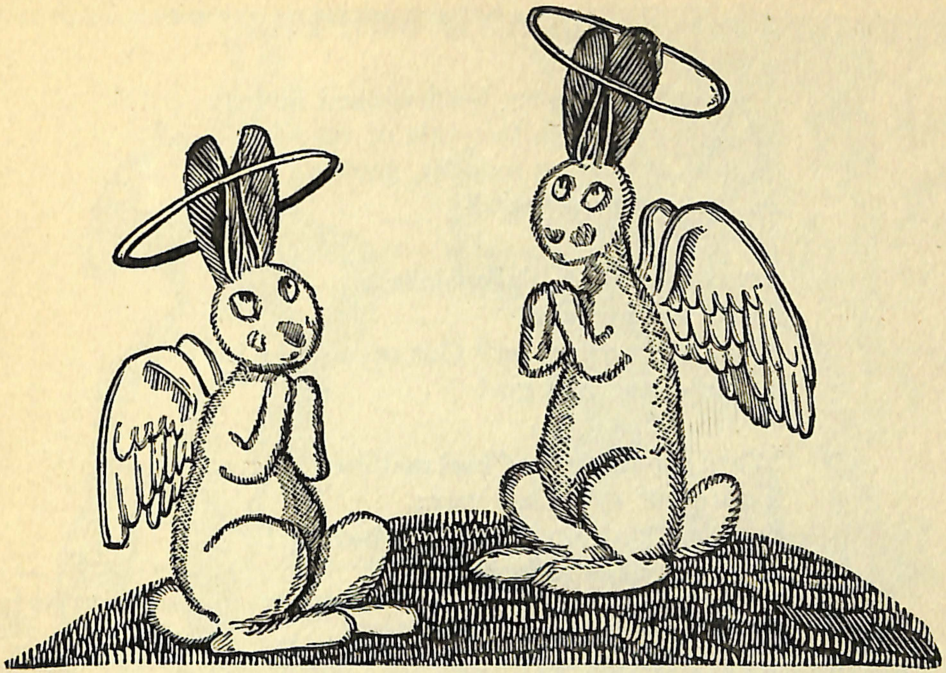
One part Brandy,
Two teaspoonsful of powdered sugar,
Two dashes of Orange bitters.

## The Fantasio

One part Brandy,
One part Gin,
One part, half Maraschino, half White Mint.

## The Tuxedo

¾ Gin.
¼ Sherry.
Dash of Vermouth and Angostura.



## HAPPY RABBITS!

If in our lives and habits
We were pure as little rabbits,
Then there would be no vice;
No fighting, scratching, tearing,
No smoking, drinking, swearing;
Oh! wouldn't that be nice.

*Temperance Sweetmeats*, 1895.

# TOPERS AND MOPERS

Are not topers hood-winked mopers
Through this vale of tears?
Growing madder, growing sadder,
As they grow in years?

Are not drinkers, daily sinkers
In the mire of sin?
What's undone them? Out upon them!
Brandy, rum and gin!

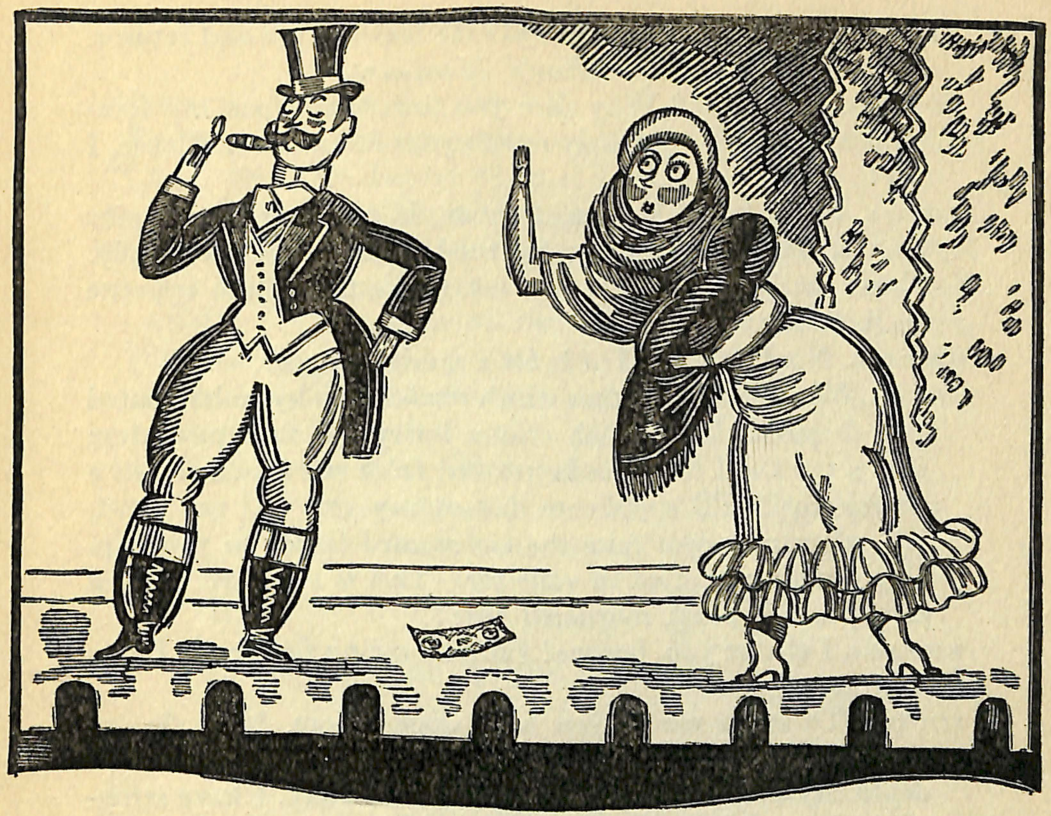
When a fellow gets "real mellow,"
Turn your eyes that way;
See him "pick-up," hear him hich-up!
Hark his ass-like bray!

See their wives all—woe survives all,
Death steals on a pace;
Sorrows traces on their faces
Wither every grace!

And their young ones, prattling tongu'd ones,
Hang the drooping head—
Curse the father who can rather
Drink than see them fed.

But can drunken men, so sunken,
Tread the upward path?
No! they're flying, rushing, hieing
To eternal wrath.

*Henry Atherton.*



## Scene IV From "THE DRUNKARD'S WARNING"

(*Enter Louisa Mordaunt with a child in her arms*)

Louisa. With faltering step I have thus far traced him, dreading his fearful purpose! My limbs grow feeble and I faint with terror. Oh, pitiful heaven, sustain me through the calamities that await me and let me die in peace! What is my fate? A heartless husband flies from his wife and child that languish in vain for sustenance, to squander that pit-

tance which Charity bestows! Ha! He has seen me and returns.

(*Enter Edward Mordaunt.*)

EDWARD. How now? Why dare you thus hang upon my footsteps? Hence! Or you may repent your indiscretion. Hence, I say!

LOUISA. Oh, Edward have compassion, if not on me, have pity on your child now pining for food I can no longer supply. Grant me but a pittance and use the rest as selfish appetite shall dictate.

EDWARD. No. I have need of it for a special purpose.

LOUISA. Yes, to purchase that which renders you by society hated and despised; but though crimes hurry me to a premature grave, my child shall yet be rescued from starvation. From a sordid world, I'll supplicate that money you will not grant, and when next you raise the envenomed liquor to your lip, may Conscience shout in your ear—This is the heart's blood of thy unoffending, murdered wife!

EDWARD. I charge you, begone! Provoke me no further or I may be tempted—

LOUISA. To strike me as you have done before. Nay, do not check your will. You cannot now degrade me to a lower depth. Aye, frown, I have no feeling of dismay. I have struggled with my fate till the last ray of hope is fled. I have endured penury, want, contumely, and disgrace until they have crushed me to the grave.

EDWARD. Take this (*offers money*). And leave me. Your presence annoys me.

LOUISA. What! Accept the moiety your grovelling dissipation spares? No! Away to your licentious haunts! Away to your poison'd atmosphere, your poison'd confederates, and your poison'd enjoyments! I shall ne'er upbraid you more. The Day of Retribution is at hand—see that you are nerved for its approach! (*Exit Louisa.*)

## THE UNHAPPY ONES

JAMES.—What is this picture?

MOTHER.—It shows you how he who drinks ardent spirits treats his family when at home.

LUCY.—What is he doing there, mother?

MOTHER.—He is driving his wife out of the house, in the cold, dark night. See how cruelly he beats her. Hear the wind whistle. See how the snow flies. See the poor children, wringing their hands and crying out "Oh, father, do not drive mother away! do not drive mother away!" And then he turns around and curses them.

BOTH CHILDREN.—Oh! What a monster!

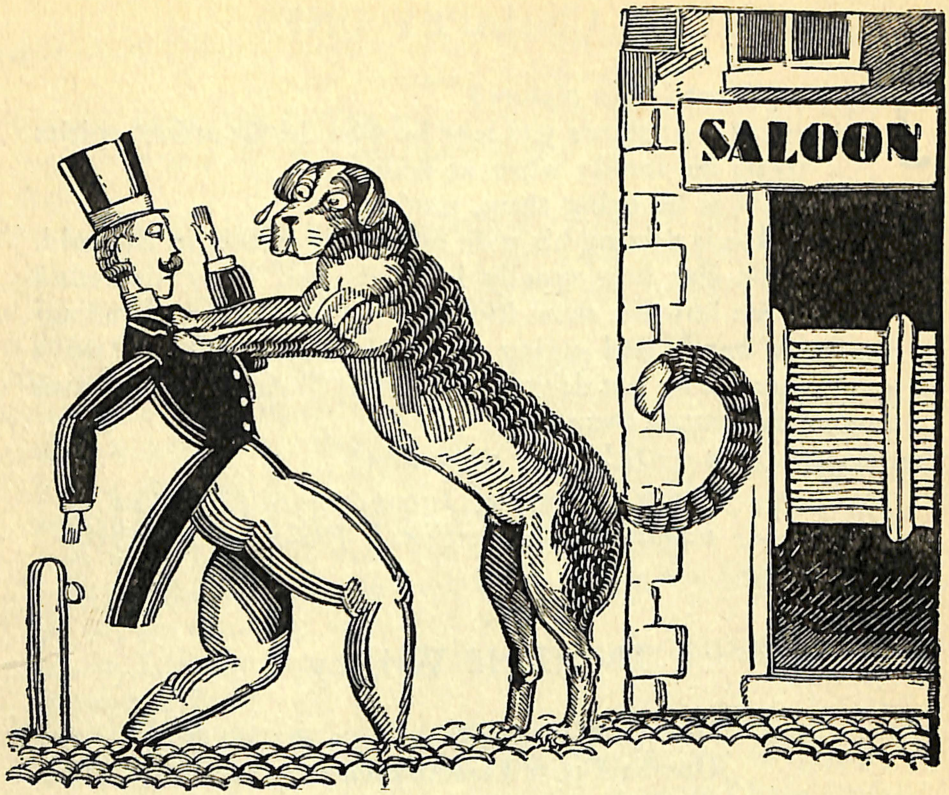
*From "Scenes of Intemperance Exhibited in Familiar Conversations," Philadelphia,* 1850.

## The Uncle Wrigley

One part Applejack,
One-half part Lemon juice,
Two teaspoonsful of Grenadine.

## The Edgewood

One part Rye whiskey,
A teaspoonful of sugar-syrup,
A dash of Orange bitters,
A dash of Angostura bitters.




## A DOG'S LECTURE

A MAN was wending his devious way down to an old liquor haunt of his in the city of Boston. A noble Newfoundland dog followed at his heels looking very dejected.

Presently the man turned off from the walk to go into a saloon.

The dog aroused himself and, wheeling around in front of the man, planted his forefeet on his shoulders and looked up

into his face with such a pleading whine the man's heart must have been stone not to heed it. But the faithful fellow was shoved off and his well-meant warning answered only with a curse and a blow.

Still, the dog did not give over but repeated his efforts to draw his master away. It took a great amount of harshness to finally put him down so that the man could get in at the door.

Even then the dog followed him like a shadow, coming between him and the bar, and pleading more eloquently than any temperance lecturer could, that he would leave this place of destruction.

Surely the dog's wisdom exceeded that of the man. While he saw plainly the downfall which awaited his master, if he allowed him to take even the first glass, the man blindly went on, determined, to his ruin.

The dog was certainly entitled to the most respect of the two.

*Anecdotes for the Platform*, 1883.

## The Sea Orchard

One part Rum,
One part Gin,
One part Lemon juice,
A teaspoonful of Grenadine.

## The Colonel Tom

One part Bacardi Rum,
One part Lemon juice,
The white of an egg,
A dash of Grenadine.

# SMALL AS I AM, I'VE A MISSION BELOW

SMALL as I am
I've a mission below—
A mission that widens,
And grows as I grow.

'Tis to let alone cider
And brandy and gin;
'Tis to keep well away
From these potions of sin.

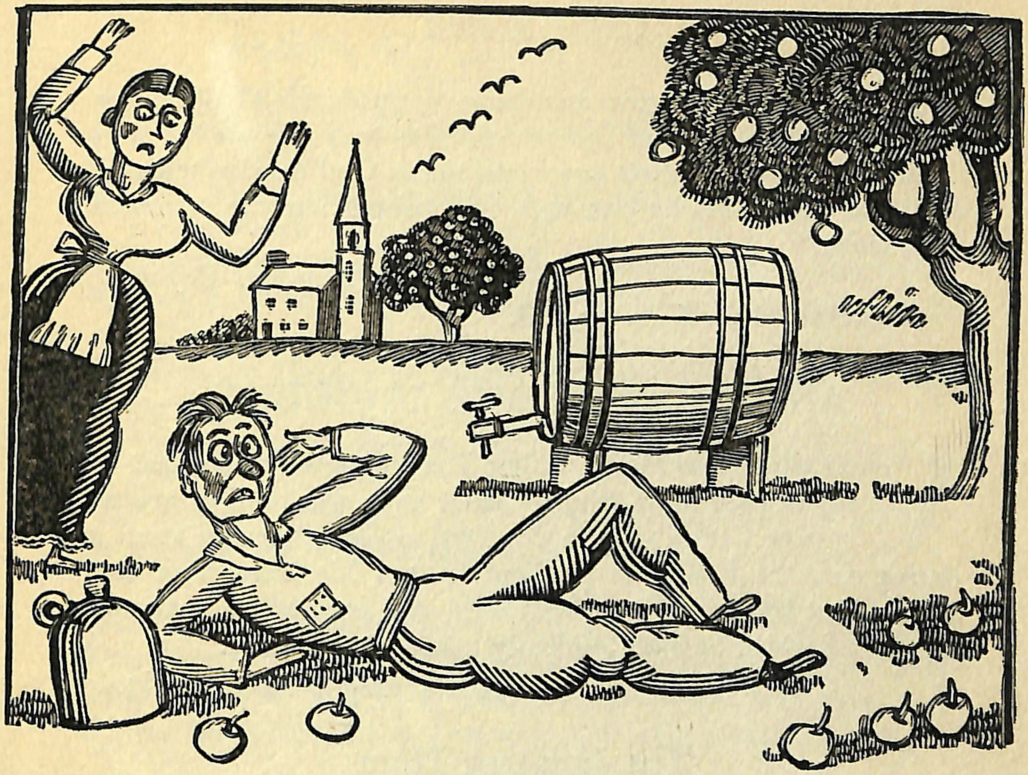
'Tis to make myself noble
And manly and true:
'Tis to touch no tobacco,
Not smoke and not chew

That unhealthy weed
That true women detest
And all people know
Is a filthy old pest.

They are foes to all virtue,
They lead down to shame—
Shun drink and tobacco
And keep your good name.

Water never makes drunkards,
It never brings woe—
I'll praise it and drink it
Wherever I go!

*Ella Wheeler.*



## CIDER DRINKERS

CIDER drinkers are particularly subject to rheumatism, to inflamed eyelids, to headache, bleeding at the nose, to sores and ulcers, difficult and tedious to cure, to afflictions of the stomach and bowels, and premature trembling of the hand and head. They are the most brutish and cruel of the unhappy tribe of the inebriates. An old orchard and a distillery are almost invariably indices of widows, orphans, poverty and drunkenness.

*Journal of Amer. Temperance Union*, 1838.

## OH YEAH?

TEN years from now hundreds of thousands of men who voted against us and struggled to keep the saloon, will go down on their knees and thank God they were overwhelmed at the ballot-box and this temptation far removed from them."

*William Jennings Bryan.*

*Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 19,* '18.

## AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT

VERY early yesterday morning, I saw a young gentleman of my acquaintance whom I knew to be too fond of ardent spirits, sitting upon a doorstep, quite exhausted from a daring feat he had been performing. On his knee were two strong door knockers, three bell pulls, and part of an area railing, all of which he had drunkenly taken into custody.

*Dr. Henry Monroe,* 1865.

## The Hunting Horn

Two parts Applejack,
One part Italian Vermouth,
A dash of Angostura bitters,
This cocktail should be stirred, not shaken.

## The Whitney

One part Scotch whiskey,
One part Sherry,
The juice of half a Lemon,
One tablespoon of Grenadine

# COME ALL DEAR CHILDREN

COME all dear children, sing a song, join with us heart and hand,
Come make our little party strong, a Happy Temperance Band.
We cannot sing of many things, for we are young, you know,
But we have signed the Temperance Pledge a short time ago.

The Band of Hope shall be our name, the Temperance Star our guide;
We will not know the drunkard's shame, the drunkard's drink deride,
Cold water cannot harm us, strong drink may bring us woe,
So we have signed the Temperance Pledge a short time ago.

We'll ask our fathers, too, to come, and join our happy Band;
True Temp'rance makes a happy home and makes a happy land.
Our mothers we will try to gain, and brothers, sisters, too;
For we have signed the Temperance Pledge a short time ago.

We'll ask companions all to join, we'll press them every one;
We'll get our neighbors, too, to sign, and help our Temperance on,
We'll sing and talk to all around, and all our town shall know
That we have signed the Temperance Pledge a short time ago.

And thus we'll spend our happy days till we get up to men;
Just like a full grown mighty oak, we'll be the finer then;
And if degraded drunkards should invite with them to go,
We'll say we just signed the Temperance Pledge a short time ago.

*The Temperance Hand-Book*, 1874.

## A LETTER FROM JOHN CADBURY, ESQ. 1839

THE result of my own six years' experience is, that total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, has conferred real and substantial benefits on my health, mentally and physically.

"Before adopting this plan, I seriously believed that my constitution required the stimulus to assist in supporting me. I was wrong. Instead of suffering frequently from languor, irritability, and at times highly susceptible nervous feelings with comparatively little relish for food, particularly at breakfast, I can now gratefully, and I desire humbly, to acknowledge that all these unpleasant sensations have, in a great degree, subsided. My health, which at the time referred to, was very bad, has since been uniformly good, even robust. Languor, from which I suffered greatly, is unknown to me—and as to exertion, I remember no period of my life when I could undergo so much with so little fatigue.

"I have for more than two years expelled every description of intoxicating drink from my house (except it may be a little labelled poison in the medicine chest).

"My three children have all been nursed by their mother on this principle, and that to their evident advantage; nor can I withhold the pleasing intelligence that my valued parents, each in their seventy-first year, have also, for many years, abstained from all intoxicating drinks, to the perceptible benefit of their health."

### The Side Car

One part Cointreau,
One part Brandy,
One part Lemon juice.

## A STRUGGLE AT THE BEDSIDE

Away high up in a garret-room, you find a young man sinking under a slow decline, and shivering beneath a thin, threadbare coverlet, in the cold that blows keen through the patched and broken window. You try to raise his thoughts and leave to send warm coverings for his emaciated form. Before you return that wretched apartment has seen a terrible struggle. Turning a deaf ear to his pitiful cries, unmoved by the tears on his hectic cheek, his father and mother have pulled the blankets from his body and sold them for drink. I speak what I know."

*From sermon by Dr. Guthrie.*

## THE FATAL GIFT

SEVERAL years ago I had occasion to voyage in a sailing vessel to France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. I had provided ourselves with a bottle of the best cognac brandy in the expectation that it could be used—as my friends informed me—as a quieting medicine in case of seasickness.

Prior to our retirement for the night we each took a small glass; and as the captain of the vessel, a Frenchman, happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little. He tossed off the liquor with evident relish, smacked his lips, and bidding us "adieu" for the night, went on deck.

We had not rested more than a few hours ere we were awakened by the tramping of feet and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other and hurrying to and fro.

"What is the matter?" I enquired, "Where is your captain?"

Judge of my horror and regret, when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy I had given him, had got intoxicated, and in that shocking state had fallen overboard.

He was never seen again.

*The Faggot*, 1876.

## The Morning Glory

One part Scotch whiskey,
The white of an egg,
The juice of half a lemon,
A teaspoonful of sugar.

# GOOD RESOLUTIONS

I'LL stay at home to cheer my wife
And dry my children's tears;
With them, the comforts of this life
I'll share, in after years.

The produce of my weekly toil,
Another shall not claim;
That ale-house dame!—my blood will boil
Whene'er I hear her name!

I'll leave her, with her smiles and smacks,
To walk in purse-proud state;
My brass shall clothe my children's backs,
Shall fill the dinner plate.

Though once I joy'd mid reek and foam,
A monarch o'er my glass,
Rather, my calm, but lowly home,
My own sweet-tempered lass.

Nobler to bid the sorrows fly
Which pal'd her rosy cheek;
Than throw within the topers'sty
What cost a weary week.

I'd rather see my children play,
And climb their parents' knee
Than spend with sots both night and day,
No friends, alas! to me.

I'd rather hear our voices blend
The hymn of love to raise;
Than to the drunkard's chorus lend
One note, to catch their praise.

Though croaking tongues forbode my fall,
And tempt my strength with wine;
I'll dash the viper to the wall,
And safety—joy—are mine!

*Poem Recited at the Opening of the Bradford Temperance Hall, March*, 1838.

## The Commodore

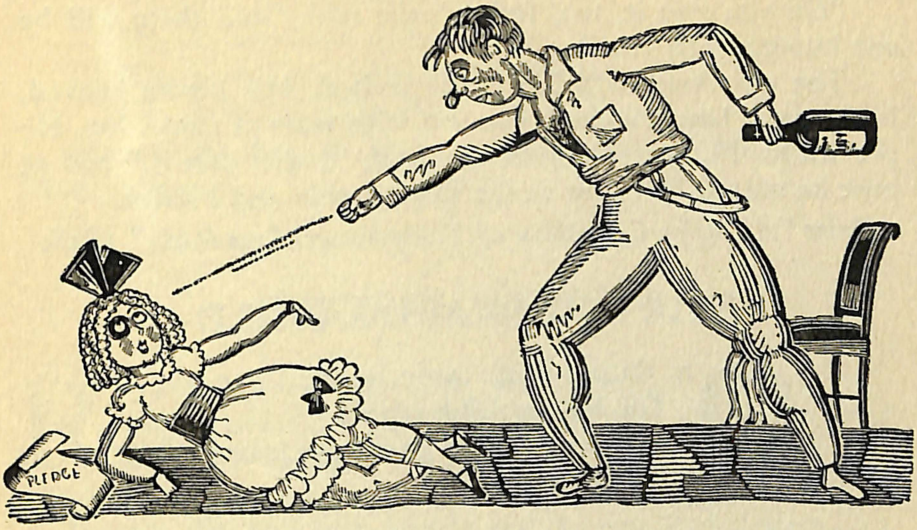
One part Rye whiskey,
The juice of half a Lime,
One teaspoonful of powdered sugar,
Two dashes of Orange bitters.

## The Fred Whitney

⅓ Gin.
⅓ French Vermouth.
⅓ Apricot Brandy.

## The Guard's

½ Gin.
½ Italian Vermouth.
Two dashes of Curacao.




## PERSEVERANCE REWARDED

A LITTLE girl eight years old took a Temperance paper to see how many people she could get to sign it. The next morning she presented it to her father, who had been in a drunken frolic for a fortnight. This cruel father raised his hand and struck his child a blow which levelled her on the floor and said, "I'll learn you to be saucy to your parents." The little girl got up, took her paper without a word and went about among her neighbors getting them to sign.

After two weeks the father said to his daughter, "Mary, how many names have you got on your Temperance Constitution?" "I will bring it and see," she replied. "You have one hundred and fifty," said the father after counting. She jumped up on his knee, threw her little arms around his neck and impressed a sweet kiss on his cheek.

"Do you sign it, too, father," she said, "and there will be one hundred fifty-one."

The old drunkard's heart was melted. His bosom heaved, his bloated, haggard cheek was wet with tears of contrition. He pressed his Mary to his heart and said, "I will sign it," and at once he affixed his name to the Constitution and Pledge.

*From "A Choice Collection of Temperance Anecdotes,"* 1848.

## THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

Oh, do not drink again, papa,
Oh, do not drink again!
You know 'twill grieve my poor mama,
Oh, do not drink again!

Oh, come with me, my dear papa,
Oh, leave your drink and come,
For I have told my poor mama,
That I would bring you home.

The people here are swearing so,
I do not like to stay,
And poor mama is sick, you know,
Oh, come with me, I pray!

I'm choking with the smoke, papa—
Oh see, those cruel men—
Are fighting—let us go, papa—
I would not drink again.

The house is cold at home, papa,
And we have had no bread,
And little Charlie too, papa,
You know is almost dead!

Then do not drink again, papa,
Oh, do not drink again!
You know 'twill grieve my poor mama,
Oh, do not drink again!

*From "The Fireside Book; or Monuments of Temperance," Phila.*, 1853.

## ROBERT'S RETURN

ROBERT L——— returned home one dark, stormy midnight, after a "wine drink" to find himself locked out by a loving wife, Eliza, who feared he would not return ere morning.

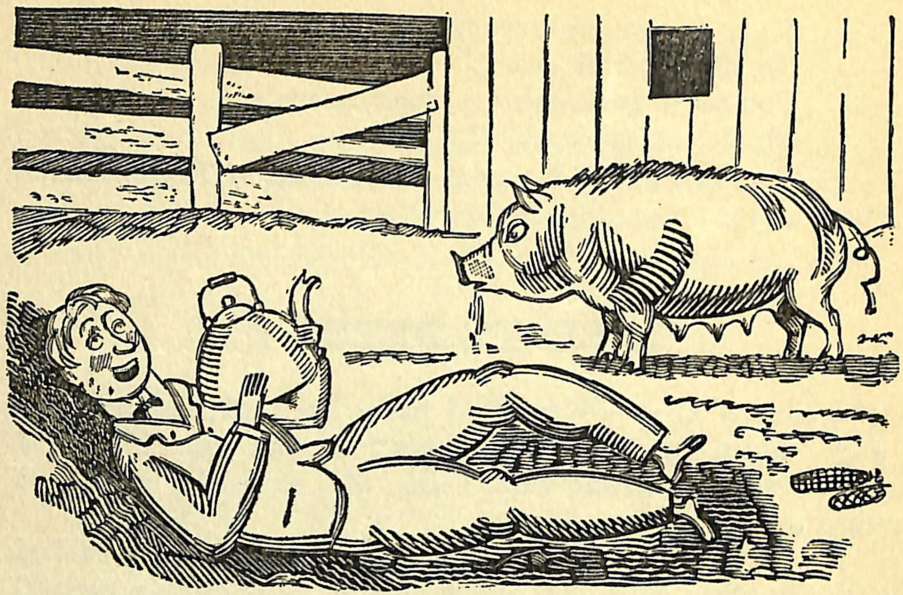
Finally the door was opened and the incensed man rushed at his affrighted wife who, obeying the impulses of fear, escaped his grasp, while he staggered to a closet and drank a flagon of brandy.

Eliza rekindled the fire and was hastening to prepare supper for him when, with an awful oath, he demanded to know whether she meant to insult him by getting supper at that time of night and, without listening to her meek reply, caught up a croquet mallet and seizing her by the hair, with more than fiendish wickedness and savage barbarity, dealt a blow upon her head, which drove reason from its throne and, shortly after the horrid act, the spirit from its tenement.

When soberness returned and the husband gazed upon the tragic figure cold in death, he turned to leave the room, was seized with a paroxysm and reeling, fell, a lifeless corpse.

One grave was opened to receive them both.

*Cold Water Magazine*, 1842.



## A CURIOUS PERFORMANCE

I ONCE heard of a man who went to a tavern one evening and at midnight was discovered in a pig-sty, cuddling a tea-kettle and singing at the top of his voice,—

"They said I was a beauty once,
Why don't they say it now?"

And when attempts were made to raise him up, he persisted in crying out, "Father, the Sepoys are coming! Let us repel them."

*10,000 Temperance Anecdotes*, 1871.

## CLOSING ODE

GOODNIGHT, goodnight to everyone,
Be each heart free from care,
May everyone now seek their home
And find contentment there.
May joy beam with tomorrow's sun,
And every prospect shine—
While wife and friends laugh merrily,
Without the use of wine.

*Teetotaller's Handbook*, 1860.

## The Night Cap

One part Rye whiskey,
One part Scotch whiskey,
One part Gin.
One part Applejack,
Serve at the temperature of the room.
Drink rapidly.
GOOD NIGHT!

WE THANK YOU